

The Dynastic Age

6-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com



The Dynastic Age

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty, and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as **Charlotte Mason Morning Time™**, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

Alisha

How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

Features

Essential features of *Charlotte Mason Morning Time*™ curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
 - Poetry
 - Short stories or
 - Fairy tales or tall tales
 - Mythological tales
 - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

Please Note: The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

Week 1 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	The Lord's Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	Deuteronomy 1-2	Deuteronomy 3-4	Deuteronomy 5-6	Deuteronomy 7-8	Deuteronomy 9
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Great Is Thy Faithfulness	Art Selection 1: Admonitions of the Instructress to the Court Ladies, Read: Gu Kaizhi bio	Folk Song: Mo Li Hua (Jasmine Flower)	Listen to: Music from the Zhou Dynasty, Read: Ling Lun bio, The Zhou Dynasty	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>	<i>Book of Marvels: The Orient, Ch. 28</i>				Enter notes into Geography Notebook
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Read: Li Bai bio	The Lord's Prayer Copywork	Poetry: Quiet Night Thoughts, Watching the Waterfall at Mount Lu	Proverbs 4:7 Copywork	James 3:17 Copywork
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 1		*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 2		*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 3
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Rice Balls, Read: The Reward of a Benevolent Life				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	The Lord's Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	Deuteronomy 10	Deuteronomy 11	Deuteronomy 12	Deuteronomy 13	Deuteronomy 14
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Great Is Thy Faithfulness	Art Selection 2: The Teaching Confucius, Read: Wu Daozi bio	Folk Song: Mo Li Hua (Jasmine Flower)	Listen to: Music from the Han Dynasty, Read: The Qin & Han Dynasties	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review: Li Bai bio	The Golden Rule Copywork	Poetry: Spring Morning, A Song of an Autumn Midnight	Knowledge vs. Foolishness Copywork	Being True to Your Word Copywork
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 4		*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 5		*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 6
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Sesame Flatbread (Shaobing), Read: Bamboo and the Turtle				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	The Lord's Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	Deuteronomy 15	Deuteronomy 16	Deuteronomy 17	Deuteronomy 18	Deuteronomy 19
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Great Is Thy Faithfulness	Art Selection 3: Luxuriant Forest Among Distant Peaks, Read: Li Cheng bio	Folk Song: Mo Li Hua (Jasmine Flower)	Listen to: Music from the Tang Dynasty, Read: The Tang Dynasty	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>					<i>Book of Marvels: The Orient, Ch. 29</i>
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Narrate: Li Bai bio	Choosing Friends Copywork	Poetry: Zazen on Ching-t'ing Mountain, Ancient Air	Patience vs. Anger Copywork	Humility Copywork
<i>Read Aloud</i>		*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 7		*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 8	
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Tofu Pudding, Read: The Dragon After His Winter Sleep			Art Lesson: Chinese Landscape	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	The Lord's Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	Deuteronomy 20	Deuteronomy 21	Deuteronomy 22	Deuteronomy 23	Deuteronomy 24
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Great Is Thy Faithfulness	Art Selection 4: Travelers Among Mountains and Streams, Read: Fan Kuan bio	Folk Song: Mo Li Hua (Jasmine Flower)	Listen to: Music From the Song Dynasty, Review/Narrate: The Tang Dynasty	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review/Narrate Li Bai bio, Poetry: Question and Answer on the Mountain	Hard Work & Diligence Copywork	Poetry: Hearing a Flute on a Spring Night in Luoyang, Self-Control Copywork	Integrity Copywork	Plutarch: The Man with Many Faces
<i>Read Aloud</i>		*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 9		*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 10	
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Scallion Flatbread, Read: The Fox and the Raven				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 5 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	The Lord's Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	Deuteronomy 25	Deuteronomy 26	Deuteronomy 27	Deuteronomy 28	Deuteronomy 29
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Great Is Thy Faithfulness	Art Selection 5: Early Spring, Read: Guo Xi bio	Folk Song: Mo Li Hua (Jasmine Flower)	Listen to: Music from the Qing Dynasty, Read: The Yuan, Ming & Qing Dynasties	Nature Study 5
<i>History/ Geography</i>					<i>Book of Marvels: The Orient, Ch. 30</i>
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review/Narrate Li Bai bio	Learning Copywork	Poetry: Marble Steps Complaint, Staying the Night at a Mountain Temple	Honoring Your Parents Copywork	Self- Examination Copywork
<i>Read Aloud</i>		*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 11		*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 12	
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Rice Cakes, Read: How the Moon Became Beautiful				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 6 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	The Lord's Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	Deuteronomy 30	Deuteronomy 31	Deuteronomy 32	Deuteronomy 33	Deuteronomy 34
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Great Is Thy Faithfulness	Art Selection 6: Along the River During the Qingming Festival, Read: Zhang Zeduan bio	Folk Song: Mo Li Hua (Jasmine Flower)	Listen to: Traditional & Neo-Traditional Chinese Instrumental, Re-read/Discuss: Ling Lun bio	Nature Study 6
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Map Studies				Review/write notes in your Geography Notebook.
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Discuss: Li Bai bio, Zazen on Ching-t'ing Mountain Copywork	Staying the Night at a Mountain Temple Copywork	Poetry: Viewing Heaven's Gate Mountains, At the Yellow Crane Tower to Bid Meng Haoran Goodbye	Question and Answer on the Mountain Copywork	Ancient Air Copywork
<i>Read Aloud</i>		*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 13		*Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, Ch. 14	
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Lotus Seed Buns, Read: The Clever Wife			Handicraft: Chinese Paper Lantern	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

The Dynastic Age Recommended Reading

Picture Books

The Story About Ping, by Margori Flack

The Silk Princess, by Charles Santore

Empress and the Silk Worm, by Lily Toy Hong

Seven Chinese Brothers, by Margaret Mahy

Tale of the Mandarin Ducks, by Katherine Paterson

The Emperor Who Built The Great Wall, by Jillian Lin

Playing with Lanterns, by Wang Yage

The Empty Pot, by Demi

Red Butterfly: How a Princess Smuggled the Secret of Silk Out of China, by Deborah Noyes

Elementary & Middle

Little Pear (Book 1), by Eleanor Frances Lattimore

Little Pear and His Friends (Book 2), by Eleanor Frances Lattimore

Little Pear and the Rabbits (Book 3), by Eleanor Frances Lattimore

More About Little Pear (Book 4), by Eleanor Frances Lattimore

Chang's Paper Pony, by Eleanor Coerr

Confucius, Great Teacher of China, by Demi

You Wouldn't Want to Be in the Forbidden City! by Jacqueline Morley

Bamboo Valley, by Ann Whitehead Nagda

The House of Sixty Fathers, by Meindert DeJong

Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze, by Elizabeth Lewis

Li Lun, Lad of Courage, by Caroline Treffinger

Rebels of the Heavenly Kingdom, by Katherine Paterson

The Silk Route: 7,000 Miles of History, by John S. Major

Marco Polo for Kids, by Janis Herbert

Great Wall of China, by Leonard Everett Fisher

Eyewitness: Ancient China, by Arthur Cotterell

Science in Ancient China, by George Beshore

Recommended Reading (cont.)

Upper Grades

Revolution is not a Dinner Party, by Yin Chang Compestine

China's Long March, by Jean Fritz

He Went With Marco Polo, by Louise Andrews Kent

The Pageant of Chinese History, by Elizabeth Seeger

The Boxer Rebellion, by Diana Preston

The Long Rampart, by Robert Silverberg

Around the World in Eighty Days, by Jules Verne

Missionary Biographies

Eric Liddell: Something Greater Than Gold, by Janet & Geoff Benge

Lottie Moon: Giving Her All for China, by Janet & Geoff Benge

Hudson Taylor: Deep in the Heart of China, by Janet & Geoff Benge

Jonathan Goforth: An Open Door in China, by Janet & Geoff Benge

God's Adventurer: Hudson Taylor, by Phyllis Thompson

The Heavenly Man, by Brother Yun

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: <https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60>. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here: <https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading-Plan1.pdf>

If you prefer to go even slower, Ambleside Online offers three, four, and five-year Bible reading plans: <https://www.amblesideonline.org/L/Lbiblesch.htm>

This session, we will learn **The Lord's Prayer** and focus on writing and memorizing **Proverbs 4:7** and **James 3:17**. We have also included additional copywork comparing and contrasting scriptures with quotes from the famous ancient Chinese philosopher, Confucius.

The Lord's Prayer (Matthew 6:9-13)

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Proverbs 4:7

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

James 3:17

But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

Our Father which art

in heaven, Hallowed

be thy name.

Thy kingdom come,

Thy will be done in earth,

as it is in heaven.

Give us this day

our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts,

as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into

temptation, but deliver us

from evil: For thine is the

kingdom, and the power,

and the glory, for ever.

Amen.

Our Father which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done

in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts,

as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation,

but deliver us from evil: For thine is the

kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.



Amen.



Our Father which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be

done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts,

as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation,

but deliver us from evil: For thine

is the kingdom, and the power,

and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Wisdom is the principal

thing; therefore get

wisdom: and with all thy

getting get understanding.

Wisdom is the principal thing;

therefore get wisdom: and with all

thy getting get understanding.

Wisdom is the principal thing;

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thy getting get understanding.

But the wisdom that is

from above is first pure,

then peaceable, gentle,

and easy to be intreated,

full of mercy and good

fruits, without partiality,

and without hypocrisy.

But the wisdom that is from above is first

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above is first pure, then peaceable,

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and without hypocrisy.

Confucius: A Note for Christian Families

Confucius (551–479 BC) was a Chinese teacher and philosopher whose ideas shaped Chinese culture, education, and government for more than two thousand years. Learning about Confucius helps students understand the values that influenced much of East Asian history, including ideas about family honor, respect for elders, education, and moral responsibility in society.

Many of Confucius' teachings emphasize virtues such as kindness, self-discipline, humility, respect for parents, and treating others well—principles that Christians may recognize as consistent with biblical wisdom.

However, Confucianism is not a Christian worldview. It does not acknowledge the one true God revealed in Scripture, nor does it teach salvation through Jesus Christ. Instead, it focuses on moral self-cultivation and social harmony as the path to a good life. Confucian traditions have also historically included reverence for ancestors and ritual practices that directly conflict with biblical teaching about worship and devotion.

For this reason, Christian families can approach the study of Confucius as an opportunity to understand an influential historical thinker while also exercising discernment. As with any worldview study, parents are encouraged to discuss how Confucius' ideas compare with the truth of God's Word and to help students recognize both the wisdom that reflects God's Word and the beliefs that differ from biblical teaching.

Here is a helpful mental model: studying Confucius is similar to studying the Greek philosophers. People read Aristotle or Socrates not because they are prophets, but because they shaped entire civilizations. Confucius did the same for China.

Confucianism is less like a religion and more like a moral philosophy about how societies should function—almost a code of civic virtue. In that sense, it influenced Chinese culture somewhat like the way classical philosophy influenced Western civilization.

For this session's copywork, we have included 12 sayings of Confucius alongside scriptures from the Bible. Some sound strikingly similar on the surface, yet they come from entirely different foundations—human wisdom versus revelation from God. That contrast makes for a rich discussion about the nature of truth, morality, and the source of wisdom.

Some ideas for you:

1. Talk about where these sayings and scriptures overlap (wisdom, self-control, humility, friendships, moral living, etc.)
2. Talk about where they differ:
 - Confucius: morality rooted in human effort, harmony, and social order
 - Bible: wisdom rooted in the fear of the Lord and relationship with God

The *source* of wisdom is different. Where does **true wisdom** come from?

Confucius: "Do not impose

on others what you do not

wish for yourself."

Luke 6:31 (NIV): "Do to

others as you would have

them do to you."

Confucius: "Do not impose on others

what you do not wish for yourself."

Luke 6:31 (NIV): "Do to others as

you would have them do to you."

Confucius: "Do not impose on

others what you do not

wish for yourself."

Luke 6:31 (NIV): "Do to others as

you would have them do to you."

Confucius: "Real knowledge

is to know the extent

of one's ignorance."

Proverbs 1:7: "The fear of

the Lord is the beginning of

knowledge; but fools despise

wisdom and instruction."

Confucius: "Real knowledge is to know

the extent of one's ignorance."

Proverbs 1:7: "The fear of the Lord is the

beginning of knowledge; but fools despise

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Confucius: "Real knowledge

is to know the extent

of one's ignorance."

Proverbs 1:7: "The fear of the

Lord is the beginning of

knowledge; but fools despise

wisdom and instruction."

Confucius: "The superior

man is modest in his speech,

but exceeds in his actions."

Matthew 5:37: "Let your

"Yes" be yes and your "No,"

no; anything more than this

comes from the evil one."

Confucius: "The superior man is modest

in his speech, but exceeds in his actions."

Matthew 5:37: "Let your 'Yes' be yes

and your 'No,' no; anything more than this

comes from the evil one."

Confucius: "The superior man

is modest in his speech,

but exceeds in his actions."

Matthew 5:37: "Let your 'Yes'

be yes and your 'No,' no;

anything more than this

comes from the evil one."

Confucius: "Do not be

friends with anyone who is

not better than yourself."

Proverbs 13:20: "Whoever

walks with the wise

becomes wise, but the

companion of fools

will suffer harm.

Confucius: "Do not be friends with anyone

is not better than yourself."

Proverbs 13:20: "Whoever walks with the

wise becomes wise, but the companion

of fools will suffer harm."

Confucius: "Do not be friends

with anyone who is not

better than yourself."

Proverbs 13:20: "Whoever walks

with the wise becomes wise,

but the companion of fools

will suffer harm."

Confucius: "When anger

rises, think of

the consequences."

Ecclesiastes 7:9 (NIV):

"Do not be quickly provoked

in your spirit, for anger

resides in the lap of fools."

Confucius: "When anger rises,

think of the consequences."

Ecclesiastes 7:9 (NIV): "Do not be quickly

provoked in your spirit, for anger

resides in the lap of fools."

Confucius: "When anger rises,

think of the consequences."

Ecclesiastes 7:9 (NIV): "Do not be

quickly provoked in your spirit,

for anger resides in the

lap of fools."

Confucius: "Humility is

the solid foundation

of all virtues."

1 Peter 5:5-6: "...be

submissive to one another,

and be clothed with

humility, for God resists

the proud, But gives

grace to the humble.

Therefore humble yourselves

under the mighty hand

of God, that He may exalt

you in due time."

Confucius: "Humility is the solid

foundation of all virtues."

1 Peter 5:5-6: "...be submissive to one another,

and be clothed with humility, for God resists

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to one another, and be clothed
with humility, for God resists
the proud, But gives grace
to the humble.

Therefore humble yourselves under

the mighty hand of God, that He

may exalt you in due time."

Confucius: "It does not
matter how slowly you go
as long as you do not stop."

Proverbs 12:24: "The hand
of the diligent will rule,
while the slothful will be
put to forced labor."

Confucius: "It does not matter how slowly

you go as long as you do not stop."

Proverbs 12:24: "The hand of the diligent

will rule, while the slothful will be

put to forced labor."

Confucius: "It does not matter

how slowly you go as long

as you do not stop."

Proverbs 12:24: "The hand of

the diligent will rule, while the

slothful will be put

to forced labor."

Hard Work & Diligence

Confucius: "It does not matter how slowly you go as long as you do not stop."

Proverbs 12:24: "The hand of the diligent will rule, while the slothful will be put to forced labor."

Lined writing area consisting of 25 horizontal lines.

Confucius: "He who

conquers himself is

the mightiest warrior."

Proverbs 16:32: "Whoever

is slow to anger is better

than the mighty, and he

who rules his spirit than he

who takes a city.

Confucius: "He who conquers himself

is the mightiest warrior."

Proverbs 16:32: "Whoever is slow to anger

is better than the mighty, and he who rules

his spirit than he who takes a city."

Confucius: "He who conquers

himself is the mightiest warrior."

Proverbs 16:32: "Whoever is slow

to anger is better than the mighty,

and he who rules his spirit

than he who takes a city."

Confucius: "The superior

man understands what is

right; the inferior man

understands what will sell."

Proverbs 19:1: "Better is a

poor person who walks in

his integrity than one who

is crooked in speech and

is a fool.”

Confucius: "The superior man understands

what is right; the inferior man

understands what will sell."

Proverbs 19:1: "Better is a poor person

who walks in his integrity than one who is

crooked in speech and is a fool."

Confucius: "The superior man

understands what is right;

the inferior man understands

what will sell."

Proverbs 19:1: "Better is a poor

person who walks in his

integrity than one who is crooked

in speech and is a fool."

Confucius: "Is it not a

pleasure, having learned

something, to try it out

at due intervals?"

Proverbs 1:5: "Let the

wise hear and

increase in learning."

Confucius: "Is it not a pleasure, having learned

something, to try it out at due intervals?"

Proverbs 1:5: "Let the wise hear

and increase in learning."

Confucius: "Is it not a pleasure,

having learned something, to try

it out at due intervals?"

Proverbs 1:5: "Let the wise hear

and increase in learning."

Confucius: "Filial piety and

fraternal submission—are

they not the root of

all benevolent actions?"

Ephesians 6:1–3: "Children,

obey your parents in the

Lord, for this is right.

Honor your father and

mother, which is the first

commandment with promise:

that it may be well with

you and you may live

long on the earth."

Confucius: "Filial piety and fraternal

submission—are they not the root of

all benevolent actions?"

Ephesians 6:1–3: "Children, obey your

parents in the Lord, for this is right.

Honor your father and mother, which is the

first commandment with promise: that it may

be well with you and you may live

long on the earth."

Confucius: "Filial piety and

fraternal submission—are they not

the root of all benevolent actions?"

Ephesians 6:1–3: "Children, obey

your parents in the Lord,

for this is right.

Honor your father and mother,

which is the first commandment

with promise: that it may be well

with you and you may

live long on the earth."

Confucius: "When we see

men of a contrary

character, we should

turn inward and

examine ourselves."

2 Corinthians 13:5 (NIV)

"Examine yourselves to see

whether you are in the

faith; test yourselves.

Do you not realize that

Christ Jesus is in you—

unless, of course,

you fail the test?"

Confucius: "When we see men of a contrary

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test yourselves. Do you not realize that Christ

Jesus is in you—unless, of course,

you fail the test?"

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contrary character, we should
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examine ourselves."

2 Corinthians 13:5 (NIV)

"Examine yourselves to see whether
you are in the faith; test
yourselves. Do you not realize that

Christ Jesus is in you-unless,

of course, you fail the test?"



Artist & Composer Study

This session features six artists from ancient China. We've included six art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *Admonitions of the Instructress to the Court Ladies*, by Gu Kaizhi
- *The Teaching Confucius*, by Wu Daozi
- *Luxuriant Forest Among Distant Peaks*, attributed to Li Cheng
- *Travelers Among Mountains and Streams*, by Fan Kuan
- *Early Spring*, by Guo Xi
- *Along the River During the Qingming Festival*, by Zhang Zeduan

This session features music from several ancient Chinese dynasties. We have included six playlists for music study. They are:

- Music from the Zhou Dynasty
- Music from the Han Dynasty
- Music from the Tang Dynasty
- Music from the Song Dynasty
- Music from the Qing Dynasty
- Traditional & Neo-Traditional Music

“The landscape has its own spirit and breath.”

~ Guo Xi

Artist & Composer Study

Traditional Chinese Art

Chinese art is one of the oldest continuous artistic traditions in the world, stretching back thousands of years. But unlike Western art, which often focuses on realism and individual fame, Chinese art is rooted in **philosophy, harmony, and inner expression**.

It is less concerned with copying the visible world than with understanding it. And it teaches us to slow down, observe, and see both the beauty of nature and the thoughts of the artist behind it.

Principal Ideas to Understand:

1. Art as Philosophy - Chinese artists were deeply influenced by:

- Confucianism (order, duty, tradition)
- Daoism /Taoism (nature, balance, simplicity)
- Buddhism (spiritual reflection)

Art wasn't just decoration—it was a way of understanding life.

2. Nature is the Main Subject - Instead of portraits or dramatic scenes, many Chinese artists painted:

- Mountains (strength and permanence)
- Rivers (movement and life)
- Mist and empty space (mystery and the unseen)

This style is called shan shui ("mountain-water") painting.

3. The Artist's Mind Matters More Than Accuracy - Chinese painters didn't try to copy what they saw exactly. Instead, they painted what they felt about the subject.

4. The Three Perfections - Considered the highest form of art, Chinese art brought together what are often called the "Three Perfections" —

- Painting
- Poetry
- Calligraphy

A single work of art might include an image, a poem written by the artist, and beautifully brushed characters. These elements were not separate but worked together to express a unified idea. In this way, art became a complete form of communication—visual, literary, and expressive all at once.

Through these principles, Chinese art invites us not just to see the world, but to understand it more deeply.

Gu Kaizhi

(c. 344–406 AD)



Gu Kaizhi is one of the earliest known Chinese painters and is often called the *father of Chinese figure painting*. He lived during the Eastern Jin Dynasty, a time when art was closely connected to literature and philosophy.

Gu Kaizhi believed that the most important part of a painting was capturing the spirit (or “shen”) of a person—not just their outward appearance. He paid special attention to the eyes, which he considered the key to revealing a person’s inner life.

His work often illustrated stories, moral lessons, and poetry, especially scenes involving court life and legendary figures. Rather than focusing on realistic proportions, he used delicate lines and flowing forms to suggest movement and emotion.

His paintings were typically done on silk handscrolls, meant to be viewed slowly and thoughtfully. Gu Kaizhi also wrote about art, helping to shape early Chinese theories of painting and laying the foundation for later artists.

Featured Artwork:

Admonitions of the Instructress to the Court Ladies

Admonitions of the Instructress to the Court Ladies is a series of scenes traditionally attributed to Gu Kaizhi (but could possibly be a copy from the Tang Dynasty, 500-800 AD), based on a poem that teaches proper behavior for women in the imperial court. Each image illustrates a moral lesson about virtues like humility, self-control, and integrity. The work emphasizes that true beauty comes not from appearance, but from character and wise conduct.

The portion of the scroll we are including is known as the “Rejection Scene,” and is housed at the British Museum in London.

歡不可以瀆寵不可以專實生慳愛則極
 遷致盈必損理有固然美者自美翻以
 取尤治容求好君子所沈結恩而絕寔
 此之由



故曰翼矜福所以興靜恭自思榮顯所期

Admonitions of the Instructress to the Court Ladies

Wu Daozi

(c. 680–759 AD)



Wu Daozi was a legendary painter of the Tang Dynasty, often called the “Sage of Painting.” He was especially known for his bold, energetic brushwork, sometimes described as “flying lines,” which gave his figures a sense of movement and life.

Unlike earlier artists who used color and careful detail, Wu Daozi often worked with ink alone, relying on the strength and rhythm of his brushstrokes.

He painted large-scale murals in temples, depicting Buddhist and Daoist figures with dramatic gestures and flowing robes.

Although it is likely that none of his original works survive today, his reputation was so great that later artists tried to imitate his style. Stories about him say that his paintings were so vivid they seemed almost alive, as if the figures might step out of the wall.

Wu Daozi helped elevate painting from a craft to a highly respected art form in Chinese culture.

Featured Artwork:

The Teaching Confucius

The Teaching Confucius, attributed to Wu Daozi, portrays the great philosopher Confucius in the act of instructing his followers. The composition emphasizes his calm authority and wisdom, as he stands in flowing robes, engaged in teaching. Wu Daozi’s expressive lines bring a sense of life and movement to the figure, while still conveying dignity and restraint. The art piece reflects the importance of learning, moral character, and respectful guidance—core values of Confucian thought.



The Teaching Confucius

Li Cheng

(c. 919–967 AD)



Li Cheng was an early Northern Song Dynasty painter known for his quiet, atmospheric landscapes.

He often depicted distant mountains, bare trees, and misty scenes that invite reflection and stillness.

Rather than bold lines or heavy detail, Li Cheng used light, diluted ink to create soft forms and a sense of depth.

This technique was sometimes described as “treating ink like gold,” meaning he used it sparingly and with great care.

By allowing space, mist, and subtle tones to shape the image, he helped define the refined and poetic style of Chinese landscape painting that influenced generations of artists.

His paintings were typically done on silk handscrolls, meant to be viewed slowly and thoughtfully. Gu Kaizhi also wrote about art, helping to shape early Chinese theories of painting and laying the foundation for later artists.

Featured Artwork:

Luxuriant Forest among Distant Peaks

Luxuriant Forest among Distant Peaks, attributed to Li Cheng, presents a quiet and expansive landscape where dense trees rise in the foreground and fade into distant mountains. Using soft, diluted ink, the forms appear to emerge gently from mist, creating a sense of depth and atmosphere.

The painting invites the viewer to move through the scene slowly, from the detailed forest below to the distant peaks above. Its restrained brushwork and subtle tones reflect Li Cheng’s careful use of ink and emphasize harmony, stillness, and the quiet beauty of nature.



Luxuriant Forest among Distant Peaks

Fan Kuan

(c. 950–1032 AD)



Fan Kuan was a Northern Song Dynasty painter known for his powerful and monumental landscapes. He spent much of his life studying nature directly, especially in the mountains, rather than relying on earlier artistic traditions.

His paintings emphasize the overwhelming scale and strength of the natural world, often showing towering cliffs, dense forests, and rushing streams.

In his most famous work, tiny human figures are placed within vast landscapes, reminding the viewer of humanity's smallness in comparison to nature. His compositions are carefully structured, with strong vertical elements that draw the eye upward.

Fan Kuan believed that the best teacher was nature itself, and his work reflects a deep

respect for its order and majesty. His style became a model for later landscape painters in China.

Featured Artwork:

Travelers Among Mountains and Streams

Travelers Among Mountains and Streams by Fan Kuan is a monumental landscape painting that shows towering mountains rising above forests and waterfalls. Tiny travelers and animals appear near the bottom, almost hidden within the vast scene.

This contrast emphasizes the greatness of nature and the smallness of human life. Through careful detail and balanced composition, the painting reflects a deep respect for the natural world and invites the viewer to pause, observe, and feel a sense of awe.



Travelers Among Mountains and Streams

Guo Xi

(c. 1020–1090 AD)



Guo Xi was a court painter during the Northern Song Dynasty and served the imperial court with great distinction. He is known not only for his paintings but also for his writings on art, which provide valuable insight into Chinese artistic theory.

In his book *The Lofty Message of Forests and Streams*, he explained how artists could capture the spirit of nature through careful observation and thoughtful composition.

Guo Xi developed the concept of the “three distances” to create depth in landscape painting: high distance (looking up at mountains), deep distance (looking into the scene), and level distance (looking across the land).

His paintings often show shifting seasons, changing weather, and atmospheric effects

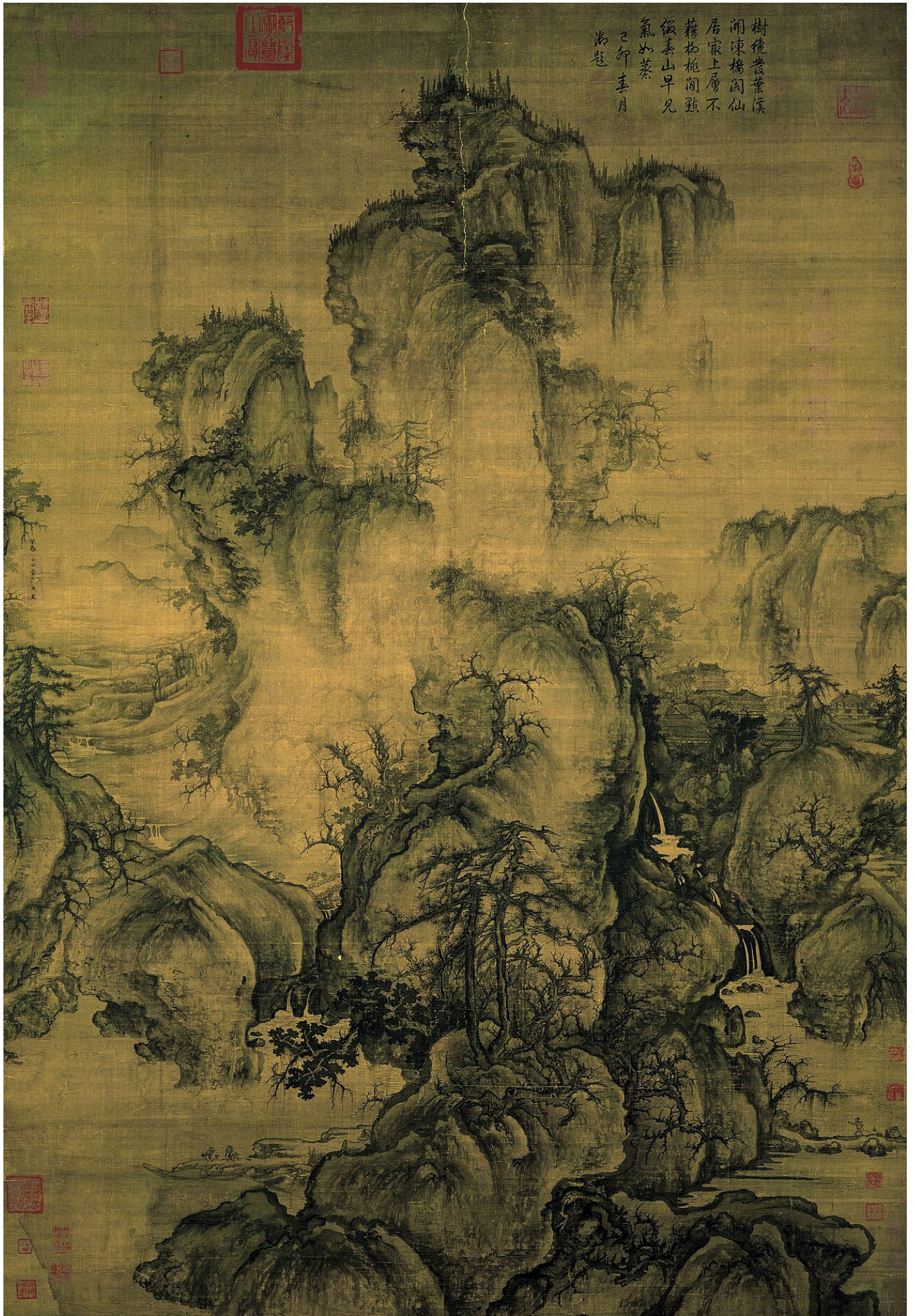
like mist and fog. He believed that landscapes should feel alive and constantly changing, much like nature itself. His work helped refine the techniques of landscape painting and influenced generations of artists.

Featured Artwork:

Early Spring

Early Spring by Guo Xi is a large landscape painting that captures the quiet transition from winter to spring. Mist drifts through towering mountains, bare trees begin to stir with life, and water flows gently through the scene. Rather than showing one fixed moment, the painting invites the viewer to move through it, experiencing different viewpoints and distances.

Guo Xi uses layers, shifting perspectives, and subtle details to create depth and atmosphere. The work reflects the idea that nature is alive and constantly changing, encouraging the viewer to observe closely and appreciate the quiet beauty of the natural world.



樹繞蒼葉溪
閑凍橋閑仙
居家上層不
務松栢間豈
飯委山早見
氣如蒸
己卯春月
洪題

Early Spring

Zhang Zeduan

(1085–1145 AD)



Zhang Zeduan was a Song Dynasty painter best known for his detailed and lively depictions of everyday life.

Unlike many artists who focused on nature or spiritual themes, Zhang Zeduan captured the activity of cities, markets, and ordinary people. His most famous work, *Along the River During the Qingming Festival*, is a long handscroll that shows a bustling city filled with merchants, travelers, boats, and bridges.

This painting is remarkable for its careful observation and storytelling. As the viewer unrolls the scroll, scene after scene unfolds, revealing different aspects of daily life during the Song Dynasty.

It provides historians with valuable information about the architecture, clothing, transportation, and social interactions of the

time. Zhang Zeduan's work stands out because it combines artistic skill with documentary detail, offering a vivid glimpse into the world of ancient China.

Featured Artwork:

Along the River During the Qingming Festival

This portion of *Along the River During the Qingming Festival* shows a busy city gate and the lively activity surrounding it. People enter and leave the city on foot and with animals, carrying goods for trade. A tall building and gate structure dominate the scene, while nearby merchants and workers go about their daily tasks. The careful detail reveals both the organization of the city and the constant movement of life, highlighting the connection between travel, commerce, and community in the Song Dynasty.

This is just one small portion of the scroll. For a better view, click [here](#), then use your cursor to enlarge the art piece, scrolling left and right, up and down. This scroll is housed at the Palace Museum in the Forbidden City, Beijing, China.



Along the River During the Qingming Festival

Picture Study

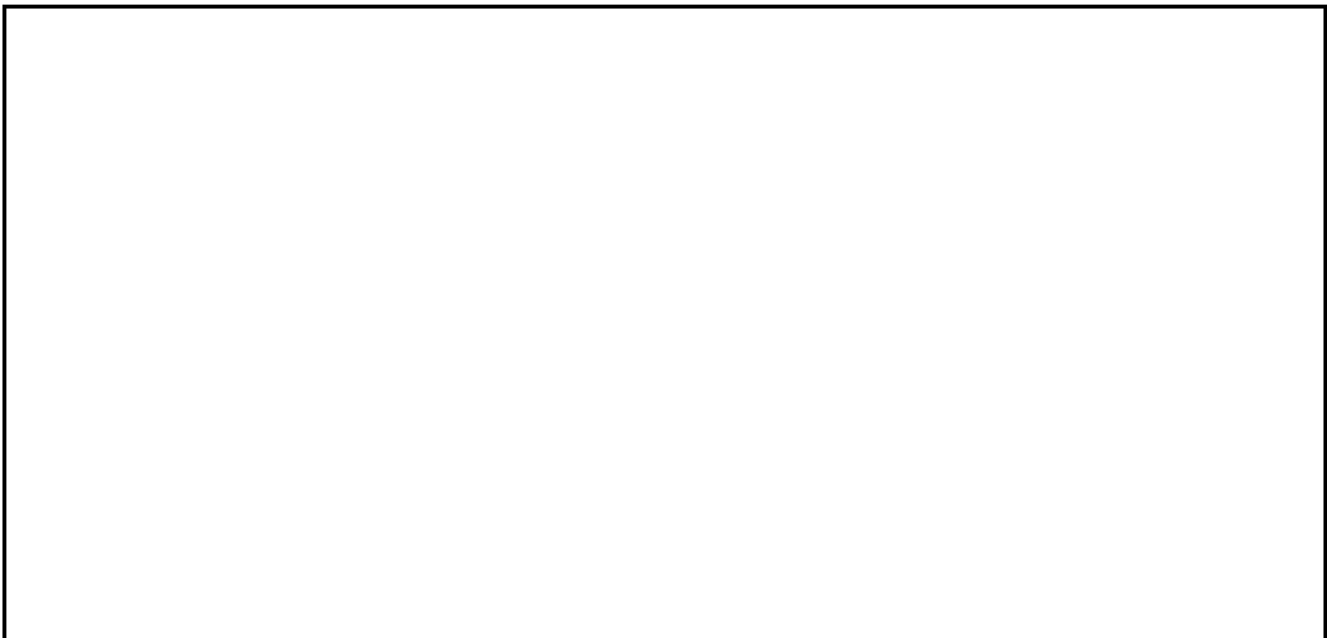
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Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.





Ling Lun

Mythological Founder of Chinese Music

Ling Lun is remembered in Chinese tradition as the cultural hero who first brought order to sound. Serving under the legendary Yellow Emperor (Huangdi), he was charged with discovering the true foundation of music—not by invention alone, but by listening carefully to the natural world.

According to ancient accounts, Ling Lun traveled to the western mountains, where he cut lengths of bamboo and fashioned them into pipes. As he listened to the calls of the phoenix—an auspicious bird symbolizing harmony and virtue—he tuned these pipes to match its song. From this careful observation, he established the twelve foundational pitches (known as the *lü*), which became the basis for Chinese musical theory.

These pitches were not viewed as arbitrary notes, but as reflections of cosmic order. Each tone was believed to correspond with elements of nature, the seasons, and even the moral structure of society. In this way, Ling Lun's work connected music with mathematics, philosophy, and governance.

His legacy endured for centuries. Later dynasties used systems based on his pitch pipes to tune instruments, standardize court music, and maintain what they believed to be harmony between heaven and earth. Even though his story is partly mythological, Ling Lun represents a foundational idea in Chinese thought: that music is discovered through attentive listening, aligned with nature, and essential to a well-ordered life.

Ancient Chinese Music Through the Dynasties

Music in ancient China was never merely entertainment—it was believed to shape the soul, order society, and reflect the harmony of heaven and earth.

The Chinese word for music, “*yuè*” (乐), is closely tied to joy, order, and beauty. Philosophers like Confucius taught that music could cultivate virtue and bring peace to a nation.

Let us walk through the dynasties and listen for the echoes of their songs.

The Zhou Dynasty (c. 1046-256 BC) - Music as Order and Harmony

During the Zhou Dynasty, music was deeply tied to ritual and government. It was not simply played —it was performed as part of sacred ceremonies honoring heaven, ancestors, and rulers.

Key Ideas:

- Music reflected cosmic harmony (balance between heaven, earth, and humanity)
- Different musical tones were believed to influence emotions and moral character
- Only certain music was considered “proper” for noble people

Instruments of the Zhou:

- Bianzhong (bronze bells): Played in large sets, each bell producing two tones (*see next page*)
- Guqin: A quiet, introspective string instrument played by scholars (*see image below*)
- Se: A larger zither, often used in court music

Confucius believed that if a ruler used the right music, the people would naturally become virtuous.



Guqin

The Qin & Han Dynasties (221 BC-220 AD) - Music Becomes Imperial

Under the Qin and especially the Han Dynasty, music became more centralized. The government established an official bureau: **The Imperial Music Bureau (Yuefu)**. The Yuefu collected folk songs from across the empire, preserved music traditions, and created music for ceremonies and court life.

Instruments of the Han:

- Dizi: A bright bamboo flute
- Sheng: A fascinating mouth organ made of pipes
- Pipa: A pear-shaped lute (*see image, right*)

A cultural shift took place at this time as music began to include stories of everyday life, not just rituals. Songs told of farmers, soldiers, love and longing, and hardship and hope.



Pipa

The Tang Dynasty (618–907 AD) - The Golden Age of Chinese Music

The Tang Dynasty was a time of openness, trade, and cultural richness. Music flourished like never before.

What made Tang music special?

- Influences from Central Asia, India, and beyond
- Large orchestras and elaborate performances
- Music paired with dance, poetry, and theater

The capital city, Chang'an, was filled with sound—music from many lands blending together.

Instruments of the Tang:

- Pipa (became extremely popular and virtuosic)
- Erhu (early forms of bowed string instruments)
- Percussion instruments for dance and drama

A Living Art:

Poets like Li Bai wrote verses meant to be sung or accompanied by music.

The Song Dynasty (960–1279 AD) - Music for the People

In the Song Dynasty, music moved beyond the court and into everyday life.

What changed?

- Rise of urban culture
- Public entertainment districts
- Early forms of Chinese opera

Music was now:

- Heard in marketplaces
- Performed in teahouses
- Enjoyed by common people

Musical Developments:

- More expressive and emotional styles
- Storytelling through song and drama
- Continued importance of the guqin among scholars



Bianzhong

The Yuan, Ming, & Qing Dynasties (1279-1912 AD) - *Opera and Tradition Flourish*

In later dynasties, music became closely tied to theater and opera, especially during the Yuan Dynasty under Mongol rule.

Key Developments:

- Growth of Chinese opera traditions
- Music used to tell dramatic, emotional stories
- Regional styles began to develop

Instruments of Later Dynasties:

- Erhu: A two-stringed bowed instrument with a deeply expressive sound
- Yangqin: A hammered dulcimer (*see image below*)
- Gongs and drums: Essential for opera performances

Famous Form:

- Beijing (Peking) Opera developed during the Qing Dynasty
 - Combines music, singing, acting, and acrobatics

Throughout all dynasties, one idea remained constant: *Music reflects the order of the universe.*

Ancient Chinese thinkers believed:

- Good music creates good character
- Harmony in music leads to harmony in society
- Disorder in music reflects moral decline

This idea connects music not just to art—but to ethics, leadership, and daily life.



Yangqin

Traditional Chinese Music

Week 1 - Music from the Zhou Dynasty
(featuring a guqin)

Week 2 - Music from the Han Dynasty
(featuring a pipa)

Week 3 - Music from the Tang Dynasty
(featuring flutes & percussion)

Week 4 - Music from the Song Dynasty
(featuring bianzhong)

Week 5 - Music from the Qing Dynasty
(featuring strings)

Week 6 - Traditional & Neo-Traditional
Chinese Instrumental

Hymn Study: Great is Thy Faithfulness

“Great Is Thy Faithfulness” is a hymn that celebrates the unchanging nature of God and His constant care for His people. Rather than emerging from a dramatic moment of rescue or revival, it reflects a steady, lifelong awareness that God remains faithful through every season—both joyful and difficult.

Written in 1923 by Thomas O. Chisholm, the hymn opens with a declaration of God’s constancy, proclaiming that there is “no shadow of turning” with Him. In a world where circumstances continually shift, God alone remains dependable and true.

Chisholm’s life adds profound depth to the hymn’s message. Born in a humble log cabin in Kentucky in 1866, he had little formal education and spent his early years working as a teacher and newspaper editor. After becoming a Christian, he entered the ministry, but his time as a minister was cut short due to fragile health. Much of his life was marked by physical weakness and financial uncertainty rather than outward success.

Yet it was precisely this ordinary, often difficult life that gave rise to the hymn’s message. Chisholm did not write of dramatic miracles or sudden deliverance. Instead, he reflected on God’s daily faithfulness—the quiet provision that sustained him year after year. He later described his life as one filled with challenges, yet always accompanied by the unwavering presence and care of God.

As the song unfolds, it turns to the natural world as a witness to that faithfulness. The rhythms of creation—summer and winter, seedtime and harvest—serve as daily reminders that God sustains and orders all things. These familiar cycles quietly testify to His ongoing care, offering reassurance that His promises endure just as surely as the rising and setting of the sun.

The final verse brings the message into personal experience. God’s faithfulness is not merely seen in nature or theology but is felt in the life of the believer through forgiveness, peace, strength for each day, and hope for the future. The well-loved refrain captures this beautifully:

*Great is Thy faithfulness!
Great is Thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed, Thy hand hath provided—
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me!*

Each new day becomes evidence of God's continued provision and grace.

The hymn draws its inspiration directly from Lamentations 3:22–23: "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed... They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness." These words were originally written during a time of deep sorrow and devastation in Israel's history, which makes their message even more powerful. God's faithfulness is not dependent on ease or prosperity; it shines most clearly in seasons of hardship.

When William M. Runyan received Chisholm's poem, he immediately recognized its beauty and set it to music that matched its tone—steady, warm, and reassuring rather than dramatic. Though the hymn did not become widely known at first, it gradually gained recognition through Bible conferences and institutions such as Moody Bible Institute. It later reached a broader audience through evangelistic campaigns, particularly those associated with Billy Graham.

Over time, "Great Is Thy Faithfulness" has become one of the most beloved hymns across Christian traditions. Its enduring appeal lies in its simplicity and truth. It speaks not only to moments of great joy, but to the quiet, everyday faith that sustains a life. It reminds us that God's faithfulness is not reserved for extraordinary events, but is revealed again and again in the ordinary mercies of each new day.

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

44

WORDS: Thomas O. Chisholm, 1923
MUSIC: William M. Runyan, 1923

FAITHFULNESS
11.10.11.10 with Refrain

1. Great is Thy faith-ful-ness, O God my Fa-ther, there is no shad-ow of
2. Sum - mer and win-ter, and spring-time and har-vest, sun, moon and stars in their
3. Par - don for sin and a peace that en - dur-eth, Thy own dear pres-ence to

turn - ing with Thee; Thou chang - est not, Thy com - pas-sions they fail not;
cours - es a - bove join with all na - ture in man - i - fold wit-ness
cheer and to guide; strength for to - day and bright hope for to - mor-row,

Refrain
as Thou hast been Thou for - ev - er will be.
to Thy great faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love. Great is Thy faith-ful-ness!
bless - ings all mine, with ten thou-sand be - side!

Great is Thy faith-ful-ness! Morn-ing by morn-ing new mer-cies I see; all I have

need-ed Thy hand hath pro - vid-ed— great is Thy faith-ful-ness, Lord, un-to me.

Folk Song: Mo Li Hua (Jasmine Flower)

“Mo Li Hua,” or “Jasmine Flower,” is one of the most famous traditional folk songs of China, cherished for its gentle melody and poetic simplicity. Its origins are often traced to the Qing Dynasty (1644–1912), though it likely developed from even earlier regional folk traditions, especially in the Jiangsu province.

The lyrics are short and repetitive, describing the beauty and fragrance of the jasmine flower. The singer praises the flower as the most lovely of all and expresses a desire to pick it. However, this desire is held back by hesitation—fear of damaging the flower or of being scolded by others. This small moment of indecision gives the song its emotional depth.

In Chinese culture, jasmine often represents purity, grace, and quiet beauty. The singer’s hesitation can reflect deeper ideas:

- Respect for something beautiful rather than taking it for oneself
- The value of self-control and humility
- Awareness of social expectations and harmony with others

These themes connect to important ideas in Chinese philosophy, especially those influenced by thinkers like Confucius, who emphasized respect, balance, and proper behavior within society.

Musically, “Mo Li Hua” is simple but expressive. Its smooth, flowing melody makes it easy to sing, which helped it spread widely among ordinary people. Over time, it has been arranged for many different settings—from solo voice with traditional instruments, to full orchestras and even Western classical performances.

The song has also played an important role in cultural exchange. It has been performed internationally at major events and even been incorporated into Western works, helping introduce global audiences to Chinese musical traditions.

Though its lyrics are brief, the song captures a quiet moment of admiration, reminding listeners that true beauty is something to be honored, not hurriedly taken.

Below is the translation of the song into English. (For singable lyrics, see next page.)

*Beautiful jasmine flower
Beautiful jasmine flower
Sweet-smelling, beautiful, stems full of buds
Fragrant and white, everyone praises
Let me pluck you down to give to someone
Jasmine flower, jasmine flower*

Mo Li Hua (Jasmine Flower)



好 一 朵 美 麗 的 茉 莉 花 好 一 朵 美 麗 的 茉 莉 花
Hao yi duo mei li di mo li hua. Hao yi duo mei li di mo li hua.

5



芬 芳 美 麗 滿 枝 桠 又 香 又 白 人 人 誇
Fen fang mei li man zhi ya, you xiang you bai ren ren kua.

9



讓 我 來 將 你 摘 下 送 給 別 人 家 茉 莉 花 呀 茉 莉 花
Rang wo lai jiang ni zhai xia, song gei bie ren jia, mo li hua ya mo li hua.

Mo Li Hua (Jasmine Flower) Lyrics

Singable Lyrics:

Oh what a lovely little jasmine flower
Oh what a lovely little jasmine flower
Blooming proudly like never before
Fragrant and white, you are praised by all
Oh how I'd love to take you with me
For someone special to see
Jasmine flower, jasmine flower



Poetry Selections

Our featured poet for this session is Li Bai. We've included twelve poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- Quiet Night Thoughts
- Watching the Waterfall at Mount Lu
- Spring Morning
- A Song of an Autumn Midnight
- Zazen on Ching-t'ing Mountain
- Ancient Air
- Question and Answer on the Mountain
- Hearing a Flute on a Spring Night in Luoyang
- Marble Steps Complaint
- Staying the Night at a Mountain Temple
- Viewing Heaven's Gate Mountains
- At the Yellow Crane Tower to Bid Meng Haoran Goodbye

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college-ruled for older students. We have chosen four poems, listed below:

- Zazen on Ching-t'ing Mountain
- Ancient Air
- Question and Answer on the Mountain
- Staying the Night at a Mountain Temple

*“Since heaven gave me life, I must use it!
Spend gold freely—it will return again.”*

~ Li Bai

Poetry Recitation & Copywork



Li Bai

(c. 701-762)

Li Bai, also known as Li Po, was one of the most famous poets in Chinese history. He lived during the Tang Dynasty, a time often called the Golden Age of Chinese culture. His poetry is still loved today for its beauty, imagination, and sense of freedom.

He is often called the “Immortal Poet” because his writing feels almost magical—full of wonder, nature, and a longing for something beyond ordinary life.

Li Bai was born in Central Asia (likely near modern-day Kyrgyzstan), but his family moved to China when he was young. He grew up in the mountains of Sichuan, surrounded by

rivers, forests, and dramatic landscapes that would later inspire his poetry.

As a boy, he was an avid reader and swordsman. He studied Confucian classics, but he was especially drawn to the ideas of Daoism, which emphasized harmony with nature, freedom, and the pursuit of a simple, natural life.

Unlike many scholars of his time, Li Bai did not follow a traditional path of government service. Instead, he chose a life of travel and adventure.

He wandered across China for many years, visiting mountains, rivers, and famous cities. Along the way, he met other poets, monks, and scholars—including his friend, the great poet Du Fu.

His travels deeply shaped his poetry. Many of his poems describe moonlit nights, flowing rivers, towering mountains, friendship and farewell, and the joys (and sorrows) of life on the road.

Li Bai wrote over a thousand poems, many of which are still studied today. His style was simple, yet powerful, known for being dreamlike, emotionally expressive, and deeply connected to nature.

He often wrote about nature's beauty—especially themes such as the moon and mountains, friendship and loneliness, freedom and escape from society, and wine and celebration. One of his most famous poems describes drinking alone under the moon, imagining the moon and his shadow as companions.

For a brief time, Li Bai was invited to the imperial court of Emperor Xuanzong. This was a great honor, as the court was the center of culture and power.

However, he did not fit well into court life because of his independent spirit and sometimes carefree behavior. Eventually, he left the court and returned to his wandering life.

Later in life, Li Bai became involved—indirectly—in a political rebellion known as the An Lushan Rebellion. Because of this, he was arrested and exiled to a distant region. Fortunately, he was later pardoned and allowed to return, but the experience marked a difficult period in his life.

He died in 762. According to legend, he drowned while trying to embrace the reflection of the moon in a river—a story that perfectly reflects the poetic and dreamlike nature of his life, even if it may not be historically true.

Poetry Selections

Translating Chinese into English can be difficult—“as hard as climbing the Blue Sky,” as one writer put it. The two languages work very differently. Not only do we often miss the meaning of the metaphor, but the loss of rhyme and cadence can destroy the beauty of the poem.

This is especially true in classical Chinese writing, where many words are left out, and meaning is implied. Because of this, translators have to do more than just switch words—they must interpret the meaning, capture the feeling, and sometimes make choices about how best to express ideas in English.

Quiet Night Thoughts

My casement veils glowing pools of moonbeams,
Perhaps on the ground is simply frost it seems;
Lifting my head I gaze up at the gleaming moon,
Bowing my head I ponder my homesick dreams.

Watching the Waterfall at Mount Lu

The sunlit incense peak gives off purple smoke,
Far off I see the waterfall plunge.
It flows down three thousand feet—
As if the Milky Way fell from heaven.

Spring Morning

I awake light-hearted this morning of spring,
Everywhere round me the singing of birds.
But now I remember the night, the storm,
And wonder how many blossoms were broken.

Poetry Selections

A Song Of An Autumn Midnight

A slip of the moon hangs over the capital;
Ten thousand washing-mallets are pounding;
And the autumn wind is blowing my heart
For ever and ever toward the Jade Pass....
Oh, when will the Tartar troops be conquered,
And my husband come back from the long campaign!

Zazen on Ching-t'ing Mountain

The birds have vanished down the sky.
Now the last cloud drains away.
We sit together, the mountain and me,
until only the mountain remains.

Ancient Air

I climb up high and look on the four seas,
Heaven and earth spreading out so far.
Frost blankets all the stuff of autumn,
The wind blows with the great desert's cold.
The eastward-flowing water is immense,
All the ten thousand things billow.
The white sun's passing brightness fades,
Floating clouds seem to have no end.
Swallows and sparrows nest in the wutong tree,
Yuan and luan birds perch among jujube thorns.
Now it's time to head on back again,
I flick my sword and sing *Taking the Hard Road*.

Poetry Selections

Question and Answer on the Mountain

You ask for what reason I stay on the green mountain,
I smile, but do not answer, my heart is at leisure.
Peach blossom is carried far off by flowing water,
Apart, I have heaven and earth in the human world.

Hearing a Flute on a Spring Night in Luoyang

From whose home secretly flies the sound of a jade flute?
It's lost amid the spring wind which fills Luoyang city.
In the middle of this nocturne I remember the snapped willow,
What person would not start to think of home!

Marble Steps Complaint

White dew grows on the marble steps,
And in the long night, soaks into my stockings.
But now I let the crystal curtain down,
And gaze through it at the autumn moon.

Staying the Night at a Mountain Temple

The high tower is a hundred feet tall,
From here one's hand could pluck the stars.
I do not dare to speak in a loud voice,
I fear to disturb the people in heaven.

Poetry Selections

Viewing Heaven's Gate Mountains

The River Chu cuts through the middle of heaven's gate,
The green water flowing east reaches here then swirls.
On either bank the blue hills face towards each other,
The flatness of a lonely sail comes from by of the sun.

At the Yellow Crane Tower to Bid Meng Haoran Goodbye

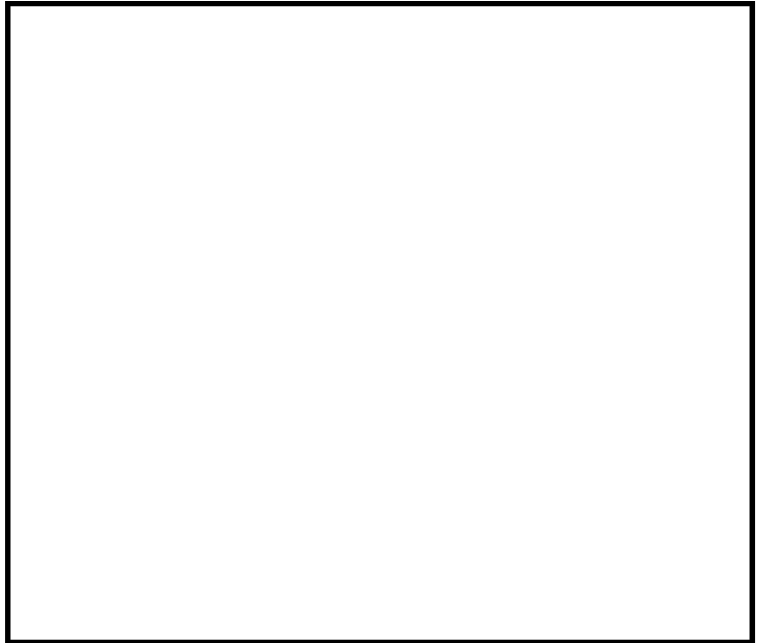
At the Yellow Crane Tower, my friend, to the west you said goodbye;
In this misty, flowery glorious spring, downstream for Yangzhou you ply.
A speck, a silhouette, your solitary sail, toward the verdant hills receding, till
My eyes but descry the grand Long River, rolling to the verge of the sky.

Poetry Study

Title:

Type of Poem:

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.



Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

Write three adjectives about the poem.

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work

The birds have vanished

down the sky.

Now the last

cloud drains away.

We sit together,

the mountain and me, until

only the mountain remains.

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Apart, I have heaven and

earth in the human world.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for writing practice.

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Tea Times

In this session, we are giving you six historical recipes for our tea time: Rice Balls, Sesame Flatbread (Shaobing), Tofu Pudding (Doughua), Scallion Flatbread, Rice Cakes (Bai tang gao), and Lotus Seed Buns.

We will also have six storytime teas:

Fairy Tale Tea 1: Ch. XI "The Reward of a Benevolent Life," from *Chinese Folk Lore Tales*, by Rev. J. MacGowan

Fairy Tale Tea 2: "Bamboo and the Turtle" from *The Chinese Wonder Book*, by Norman Hinsdale Pitman

Fairy Tale Tea 3: Ch. XLIII "The Dragon After His Winter Sleep" from *The Chinese Fairy Book*, by Dr. Richard Wilhelm

Fable Tea 4: Chapter XIII "The Fox and the Raven" from *The Chinese Fairy Book*, by Dr. Richard Wilhelm

Fairy Tale Tea 5: "How the Moon Became Beautiful" from *Chinese Fables and Folk Stories*, by Mary Hayes Davis and Chow-Leung

Fairy Tale Tea 6: *The Clever Wife*, from the Han Dynasty (202 BC - AD 220)

"No matter how busy you may think you are, you must find time for reading, or surrender yourself to self-chosen ignorance."

Tea Times

Rice Balls



Ingredients:

10 oz rice flour
5 oz hot water
3 oz cold water (add more, little by little, as needed)

Filling

1 T butter
2 T black sesame powder
1 T desiccated coconut
2 T peanut butter (smooth or chunky, up to your preference)
2 T honey

Sweet soup

12 oz water
4 T granulated sugar
2 T heavy cream
1 small amount shredded ginger (optional)

Directions:

Step 1: Create dough

Measure out glutinous rice flour into a heat-safe bowl. Slowly pour in hot water while mixing it in with chopsticks. Then slowly add cold water, continuing to mix and knead the dough. As the cold water cools the dough down, you'll be able to dive in with your hands.

If the dough is still crumbly, add small amounts of cold water at a time, and knead until you end up with a soft, supple dough ball. It shouldn't be sticky or crumbly. Wrap the dough ball in plastic wrap and let it rest for 30 minutes, up to an hour.

Step 2: Create filling

Melt butter in the microwave for 20-30 seconds, until warm and soft. Add black sesame powder, desiccated coconut, peanut butter, and honey to the melted butter. Stir everything until it forms a paste.

Transfer the filling onto plastic wrap, and spread it out into a flat rectangular layer, about ½ inch thick. Wrap it up and freeze for 30 minutes, so that it can firm up for easy handling later.

Step 3: Create sweet soup

In a large bowl, mix water, granulated sugar, and heavy cream.

Step 4: Prepare filling & dough for rolling

Remove the filling from freezer and cut it into ½ inch squares. If you'd like larger pieces, you can cut into bigger pieces. Take each cut piece of filling and roll it into a ball between flattened palms. Repeat until you've finished all of the filling. If the filling has chilled for too long and is too stiff to handle, let it thaw on the counter until it's soft enough to work with.

Divide the rice flour dough into 2 large pieces, then roll them into round logs. From those two logs, cut the dough into small pieces, about 1-2 inches long.

Step 5: Create rice balls

Take a piece of rice flour dough, roll it into a ball, and then shape it into a little bowl by pressing into the center with your thumb.

Put a piece of filling into the well and pinch the dough over the opening to seal the filling in. Roll it around in your palms a bit to smooth out the seam. Repeat with the rest of the dough and filling.

Step 6: Cook balls

Boil a large pot of water. There needs to be enough water to completely cover the rice balls. When the water has come to a rolling boil, carefully place rice balls into the pot.

Give it an occasional stir to ensure the rice balls don't stick together. While they cook, prepare a bowl of ice water. They are ready when they float, which should take about 3-5 minutes. Pour a little ice water into the pot to temper the water, which will make the rice balls sink a little below the surface and make them easier to scoop up.

Transfer them into the ice water bath with slotted spoon. The shock of the ice water will make them shrink just a bit and keep them from melting down and sticking together in the final soup.

Step 7: Cook sweet soup & add balls

Stir the sweet soup mixture that was prepared earlier, in case it separated or settled while everything else was cooking. Pour the mixture into a clean pot, and add a small amount of shredded ginger. Cover the pot with a lid, and bring the soup to a boil on high heat.

When it has come to a boil, transfer the rice balls to the pot. They only need to warm up for about 30 seconds. Transfer the rice balls into a large serving bowl and enjoy!

Sesame Flatbread (Shaobing)

Ingredients:

1 2/3 c all purpose flour
1/2 tsp sea salt
1 T sugar
1/4 c hot water
1/4 tsp instant yeast
1/3 c cold water
1 T vegetable oil

Oil paste

2 1/2 T vegetable oil
1/3 c cake flour

Topping

4 T toasted white sesame seeds
1-2 tsp black sesame seeds (optional)



Directions:

Making the dough-

Mix flour, salt, and sugar together in a mixing bowl before adding in hot water. Stir until it becomes lumpy.

Add yeast, cold water, and oil; stir until all the liquid is absorbed by the flour, then knead until dough is firm. The dough will be very sticky, so just knead until you're able to form a rough ball. Grease the dough with oil and cover with plastic wrap before allowing it to rest for 20 - 30 minutes.

Making the oil paste-

Meanwhile, heat the oil in a small pan on medium heat until it's hot. Add in the cake flour and stir until smooth. Continue to cook and stir until it darkens a bit and becomes aromatic. Pour the paste into a bowl and let it cool down.

Preheat the oven to 425°.

Forming the bread-

Dust the working surface with a thin layer of flour, then roll the dough out to an approximately 10" x 16" rectangle.

Spread the oil paste by spatula or by hand on the dough, leaving ½ inch on the top.

Roll the dough from the bottom all the way up, pinching the seam at the end to close.

Cut the roll into 6 even pieces and gently press each piece down to flatten a bit, bring the two "cut" sides to the middle, and pinch them together (it's ok if they don't stay together perfectly).

Gently roll each piece out to an oval shape and then fold the top third of the dough down and the bottom third up. After finishing all six pieces, repeat this step again for each piece. Always fold the side with oil paste in so that we end up with a smooth surface. Cover and let rest for 10 minutes.

Put sesame seeds in a small plate and lightly press the smooth side of each piece of dough into the plate of sesame seeds.

Baking-

Roll each piece out to about a 3" x 6" rectangle. Place the pieces on a lined baking sheet and bake for 12 minutes or until the top is golden brown.

If you are storing these for later, simply toast them in a toaster oven for 3 -5 minutes, and they will be just as good as when they're fresh.

If you want to stuff things inside, simply cut the side with a pair of scissors and open it like a book.

Tofu Pudding



Ingredients:

Pudding

4 c unsweetened Soy milk

3 T sugar

1 T gelatin

Syrup

2 c water

1 c brown sugar

3 slices ginger (optional)

Directions:

Pour 1 cup of soy milk into a saucepan and add the 3 tablespoons of sugar. While the milk is still cold, add 1 tablespoon of gelatin, mixing quickly. Stir continuously on medium heat until it's bubbling.

Pour the remaining 3 cups of soy milk into a big bowl, then add the mixture from the saucepan into the soy milk in the big bowl. Mix them well. Cover with a plastic wrap and refrigerate for 6-8 hours or overnight.

Meanwhile, add 2 cups of water, 1 cup of brown sugar, and 3 slices of ginger into a saucepan. Mix it well and turn on the fire medium to low until it's boiling. Set it aside and allow it to cool.

When the tofu pudding is ready, spoon some of the pudding into a bowl, pour some syrup over the top, and enjoy!

Scallion Flatbread

Ingredients

For the dough

4 c plain flour
2 tsp sugar
2 tsp dried instant yeast
1 c + 2 T lukewarm water

For the bread

1 T cooking oil
1 tsp ground Sichuan pepper, or
black pepper
1/8 tsp salt, or to taste
2 stalk scallions, finely chopped
1 T sesame seeds



Directions:

In a large bowl, mix flour, yeast, and sugar. Pour in water little by little while stirring with a pair of chopsticks (or a fork). Knead with your hand until a smooth, elastic dough forms. Cover the bowl with a wet kitchen towel. Leave to rise in a warm place until doubled in size. It will take about 40 minutes to 1.5 hours, depending on the room temperature.

After the rise, knead on a floured work surface until the dough goes back to its original size. With a rolling pin, flatten the dough into a rectangle shape, as thin as you can. Dust with flour to avoid sticking.

Brush the dough with oil and sprinkle pepper, salt, and scallions on top. Roll the dough into a rope, and coil it in to form a flat circle. Then roll the circle out into a 10-inch disk. Wet the disk with a little water and sprinkle with sesame seeds, then press them down gently. Cover the bread loosely with plastic wrap and allow to rise for around 20 minutes.

Heat up oil in a deep frying pan over a medium-low heat. Place the bread in (the side with sesame seeds facing down), then cover with a lid. Cook until the first side is golden brown, then flip over and cook with the lid on until the second side is done. Turn the bread over one more time to crisp the first side for a few seconds.

Transfer the bread onto a chopping board. Leave to cool for a short while, then cut into pieces. Serve warm.

Rice Cakes



Ingredients:

2 T warm water
1 tsp yeast
1 c water
¼ c granulated sugar
1 c rice flour

Directions:

Add 2 T warm water and yeast to a small dish. Stir to combine and set aside.

Set a small pot on the stove over medium-high heat. Add 1 cup water and ¼ cup granulated sugar and stir until combined.

Once the water starts to boil and the sugar dissolves, remove from the heat.

Add rice flour to a bowl. Pour in the simple syrup mixture into the rice flour. Mix until well combined. Allow to cool.

Once the rice flour mixture has cooled, pour in the yeast mixture. The yeast should have a bubbly layer over the top. Stir to combine.

Place in a warm area and allow the yeast to ferment for 1 hour. The time may need to be increased if you live in a cold climate.

Once an hour has passed, fill a large pot with water and bring to a boil. Place a steamer basket over the pot.

Spray a 6-inch cake pan with non-stick cooking spray. Pour the rice flour mixture into the pan. Place the pan in the steamer basket and steam for 20-25 minutes.

Once the rice cake is done, turn off the heat and allow the rice cake to rest in the steamer with lid on for 2-5 minutes.

Remove the pan from the steamer basket and let it cool. Once cooled, cut into triangle wedges and enjoy!

Lotus Seed Buns

Ingredients:

1 1/2 oz lotus seed paste or red bean paste
1 1/4 c cake or pastry flour (or 3/4 cup + 2 T of all-purpose flour mixed with 2 T of cornstarch)
1 1/2 T sugar
1/4 tsp active dry yeast
1/4 tsp baking powder
1 T rice flour
1/4 c water
1 T heavy cream



Directions:

In a large bowl, mix pastry flour or all-purpose flour mixture with sugar, yeast, baking powder, and rice flour. Add water and stir until incorporated.

Add cream and mix well until a loose, shaggy dough forms. Transfer dough to a work surface and knead until dough is smooth. (If the dough is too dry, add milk a little at a time until it's easy to knead.)

Roll dough into a 1-inch-thick rope. Cut into 10 portions.

Working 1 piece at a time, roll out dough pieces using a rolling pin, dowel, or glass bottle, to 3-inch rounds. Add 1 tablespoon of lotus seed or red bean paste in the middle of each dough round. Wrap dough around filling to fully enclose it.

Set buns seam-side down on a lightly floured or parchment-lined plate or baking sheet. Pressing gently with a dough scraper or the back of a knife, create an indent on the top side of each bun. Cover buns with plastic wrap and let stand for 20 minutes.

Line a steamer insert with parchment paper and set up for steaming. Set buns in the prepared steamer, spacing them 1 1/2 inches apart

Steam buns until puffed and cooked through, about 15 minutes. Serve hot or at room temperature.

The Reward of a Benevolent Life

by Rev. J. MacGowan

Chinese Folk Lore Tales
Chapter XI.

On the banks of a river flowing through the prefecture of Tingchow, there stood a certain city of about ten thousand inhabitants. Among this mass of people there was a very fair sprinkling of well-to-do men, and perhaps half-a-dozen or so who might have been accounted really wealthy.

Amongst these latter was one particular individual named Chung, who had acquired the reputation of being exceedingly large-hearted and benevolently inclined to all those in distress. Anyone who was in want had but to appeal to Chung, and his immediate necessities would at once be relieved without any tedious investigation into the merits of his case. As may be inferred from this, Chung was an easy-going, good-natured man, who was more inclined to look kindly upon his fellow-men than to criticise them harshly for their follies or their crimes. Such a man has always been popular in this land of China.

Now the whole soul of Chung was centred upon his only son Keng. At the time when our story opens, this young fellow was growing up to manhood, and had proved himself to be possessed of no mean ability, for on the various occasions on which he had sat for examination before the Literary Chancellor, his papers had been of a very high order of merit.

The rumours of Chung's generosity had travelled further than he had ever dreamed of. Several reports of the noble deeds that he was constantly performing had reached the Immortals in the Western Heaven, and as these are profoundly concerned in the doings of mankind, steps were taken that Chung should not go unrewarded.

One day a fairy in the disguise of a bonze called upon him. He had always had a sincere liking for men of this class. He admired their devotion, and he was moved by their self-sacrifice in giving up home and kindred to spend their lives in the service of the gods and for the good of humanity.

No sooner, therefore, had the priest entered within his doors, than he received him with the greatest politeness and cordiality. The same evening he prepared a great dinner, to which a number of distinguished guests were invited, and a time of high festivity and rejoicing was prolonged into the early hours of the morning.

Next day Chung said to his guest, "I presume you have come round collecting for your temple. I need not assure you that I shall be most delighted to subscribe to anything that has to do with the uplifting of my fellow-men. My donation is ready whenever you wish to accept it."

The bonze, with a smile which lit up the whole of his countenance, replied that he had not come for the purpose of collecting subscriptions.

"I have come," he said, "to warn you about a far more important matter which affects you and your family. Before very long a great flood will take place in this district, and will sweep everything before it. It will be so sudden that men will not be able to take measures to preserve either their lives or their property—so instantaneous will be the rush of the mighty streams, like ocean floods, from the mountains you can see in the West. My advice to you is to commence at once the construction of boats to carry you and your most precious effects away. When the news first comes that the waters are rising, have them anchored in the creek that flows close by your doors; and when the crisis arrives, delay not a moment, but hurry on board and fly for your lives."

"But when will that be?" asked Chung anxiously.

"I may not tell you the precise day or hour," replied the bonze; "but when the eyes of the stone lions in the East Street of the city shed tears of blood, betake yourselves with all haste to the boats, and leave this doomed place behind you."

"But may I not tell the people of this approaching calamity?" asked Chung, whose tender heart was deeply wrung with distress at the idea of so many being overwhelmed in the coming flood.

"You can please yourself about that," answered the priest, "but no one will believe you. The people of this region are depraved and wicked, and your belief in my words will only cause them to laugh and jeer at you for your credulity."

"But shall I and my family escape with our lives?" finally enquired Chung.

"Yes, you will all escape," was the reply, "and in due time you will return to your home and your future life will be prosperous. But there is one thing," he continued, "about which I must entreat you to be exceedingly careful. As you are being carried down the stream by the great flood, be sure to rescue every living thing that you meet in distress upon the waters. You will not fail to be rewarded for so doing, as the creatures you save will repay you a thousandfold for any services you may render them. There is one thing more that I would solemnly warn you against. You will come across a man floating helplessly on the swiftly flowing tide. Have nothing to do with him. Leave him to his fate. If you try to save him, you will only bring sorrow upon your home."

As the priest was departing, Chung tried to press into his hand a considerable present of money, but he refused to accept it. He did not want money from him, he said. The gods had heard of his great love for men, and they had sent him to warn him so that he might escape the doom which would overtake his fellow-citizens.

After his departure Chung at once called the boat-builders who had their yards along the bank of the stream, and ordered ten large boats to be built with all possible speed.

The news of this spread through the town, and when the reasons were asked and the reply was given that the boats were in anticipation of a mighty flood that would ere long devastate the entire region, everyone screamed with laughter; but Chung let them laugh.

For weeks and months he sent an old man to East Street to see if the eyes of the stone lions there had overflowed with bloody tears.

One day two pig-butchers enquired of this man how it was that every day he appeared and looked into the eyes of the lions. He explained that Chung had sent him, for a prophecy had come from the gods that when the eyes of the lions shed blood, the flood which was to destroy the city would be already madly rushing on its way.

On hearing this, these two butchers determined to play a practical joke. Next day, in readiness for the coming of the old man, they smeared the stone eyes with pigs' blood. No sooner had Chung's messenger caught sight of this than, with terror in his eyes, he fled along the streets to tell his master the dreadful news. By this time everything had been prepared, and Chung was only waiting for the appointed sign. The most valuable of his goods had already been packed in some of the boats, and now his wife and son and household servants all hurried down to the water's edge and embarked; and remembering the injunction of the priest that there should be no delay, Chung at once ordered the anchors to be raised, and the boatmen, as if for dear life, made for the larger stream outside.

Hardly had the vessels begun to move when the sun, which had been blazing in the sky, became clouded over. Soon a terrific storm of wind tore with the force of a hurricane across the land. By-and-by great drops of rain, the harbingers of the deluge which was to inundate the country, fell in heavy splashes. Ere long it seemed as though the great fountains in the heavens had burst out, for the floods came pouring down in one incessant torrent. The sides of the mountains became covered with ten thousand rills, which joined their forces lower down, and developed into veritable cataracts, rushing with fearful and noisy tumult to the plain below.

Before many hours had passed, the streams everywhere overflowed their banks, and ran riot amongst the villages, and flowed like a sea against the city. There was no resisting this watery foe, and before night fell vast multitudes had been drowned in the seething floods from which there was no escape.

Meanwhile, carried swiftly along by the swollen current, Chung's little fleet sped safely down the stream, drawing further and further away from the doomed city.

The river had risen many feet since they had started on their voyage, and as they were passing by a high peak, which had been undermined by the rush of waters hurling themselves against its base, the boats were put into great danger by the whirl and commotion of the foam-flecked river. Just as they escaped from being submerged, the party noticed a small monkey struggling in the water, and at once picked it up and took it on board.

Further on they passed a large branch of a tree, on which there was a crow's nest, with one young one in it. This, also, remembering the solemn injunction of the priest, they carefully took up and saved.

As they were rushing madly on down the tawny, swollen river, they were all struck with sudden excitement by seeing something struggling in the boiling waters. Looking at this object more attentively as they drew nearer to it, they perceived that it was a man, who seemed to be in great peril of his life.

Chung's tender heart was filled with sympathy, and he at once gave orders for the boatmen to go and rescue him. His wife, however, reminded him of the warning of the priest not to save any man on the river, as he would inevitably turn out to be an enemy, who would in time work his rescuer great wrong.

Chung replied that at such a time, when a human being was in extreme danger of being drowned, personal interests ought not to be considered at all. He had faithfully obeyed the command of the priest in saving animal life, but how much more valuable was a man than any of the lower orders of creation? "Whatever may happen," he said, "I cannot let this man drown before my eyes," and as the boat just then came alongside the swimmer, he was hauled into it and delivered from his peril.

After a few days, when the storm had abated and the river had gone down to its natural flow, Chung returned with his family to his home. To his immense surprise, he found that his house had not been damaged in the least. The gods who had saved his life had used their supernatural powers to preserve even his property from the ruin and devastation that had fallen upon the inhabitants of the city and of the surrounding plain.

Shortly after they had settled down again, Chung enquired of Lo-yung, the man whom he had saved from the flood, whether he would not like to return to his family and his home.

"I have no family left," he answered with a sad look on his face. "All the members of it were drowned in the great flood from which you delivered me. What little property we had was washed away by the wild rush of the streams that overflowed our farm. Let me stay with you," he begged, "and give me the opportunity, by the devoted service of my life, to repay you in some slight degree for what you have done in saving my life."

As he uttered these words his tears began to flow, and his features showed every sign of profound emotion. Always full of tenderness and compassion, Chung was profoundly moved by the tears and sobs of Lo-yung, and hastened to assure him that he need be under no concern with regard to his future. "You have lost all your relatives, it is true, but from to-day I shall recognize you as my son. I adopt you into my family and I give you my name."

Six months after this important matter had been settled, the city was placarded with proclamations from its Chief Mandarin.

In these he informed the people that he had received a most urgent Edict from the Emperor stating that an official seal, which was in constant use in high transactions of the State, had in a most mysterious manner disappeared and could not be found. He was therefore directed to inform the people that whoever informed His Majesty where the seal was, so that it could be recovered, would receive a considerable reward and would also be made a high mandarin in the palace of the Emperor.

That very night, whilst Chung was sleeping, a fairy appeared to him in a dream. "The gods have sent me," he said, "to give you one more proof of the high regard in which they hold you for your devotion to your fellow-men. The Emperor has lost a valuable seal which he is most anxious to recover, and he has promised large and liberal rewards to the man who shows him where it may be found. I want to tell you where the seal is. It lies at the bottom of the crystal well in the grounds behind the palace. It was accidentally dropped in there by the Empress-Dowager, who has forgotten all about the circumstance, but who will recollect it the moment she is reminded of it. I want you to send your own son to the capital to claim the reward by telling where the seal is."

When Chung awoke in the morning, he told his wife the wonderful news of what had happened to him during the night, and began to make preparations for his son to start for the capital without delay, in order to secure the honours promised by the Emperor. His wife, however, was by no means reconciled to the idea of parting with her son, and strongly opposed his going.

"Why are you so set upon the honours of this life that you are willing to be separated from your only child, whom perhaps you may never be able to see again?" she asked her husband, with tears in her eyes. "You are a rich man, you are beloved of the gods, you have everything that money can buy in this flowery kingdom. Why not then be contented and cease to long after the dignities which the State can confer, but which can never give you any real happiness?"

Just at that moment Lo-yung came in, and hearing the wonderful story, and seeing the distress of the mother, he volunteered to take the place of her son and go to the capital in his stead.

"I have never yet had the chance," he said, "of showing my gratitude to my benefactor for having saved my life, and for the many favours he has showered upon me. I shall be glad to undertake this journey. I shall have an audience with His Majesty and will reveal to him the place where the seal lies hidden, and I shall then insist that all the honours he may be prepared to bestow on me shall be transferred to your son, to whom of right they naturally belong."

It was accordingly arranged that Lo-yung should take the place of Chung's son, and preparations were at once made for his journey to the capital. As he was saying good-bye to his benefactor, the latter whispered in his ear: "If you succeed in your enterprise and the Emperor makes you one of his royal officers, do not let ingratitude ever enter your heart, so that you may be tempted to forget us here, who will be thinking about you all the time you are away."

"Nothing of the kind can ever happen," exclaimed Lo-yung impetuously. "My gratitude to you is too firmly embedded within my heart ever to be uprooted from it."

On his arrival at the capital, he at once sought an interview with the Prime Minister, who, on hearing that a man wished to see him about a state matter of urgent importance, immediately admitted him to his presence. Lo-yung at once explained that he had come to reveal the place where the lost seal at that moment lay concealed. "I am perfectly ready to tell all I know about it," he said, "but if possible I should prefer to make it known to the Emperor himself in person."

"That can quickly be arranged," eagerly replied the Prime Minister, "for His Majesty is so anxious to obtain information about the seal, that he is prepared at any hour of the day or night to give an audience to anyone who can ease his mind on the subject."

In a few minutes a eunuch from the palace commanded the Prime Minister to come without delay to the Audience Hall and wait upon the Emperor. He was also to bring with him the person who said that he had an important communication to lay before the Throne.

When they arrived they found there not only the King, but also the Empress-Dowager, waiting to receive them. In obedience to a hasty command, Lo-yung told in a few words where the seal was, and how it happened to be there. As he went on with the story the face of the Empress lit up with wonder, whilst a pleasing smile overspread it, as she recognized the truth of what Lo-yung was saying.

"But tell me," said the Emperor, "how you get all your information and how it is that you have such an intimate acquaintance with what is going on in my palace?"

Lo-yung then described how the Immortals in the Western Heaven, deeply moved by the loving character of Chung, and wishing to reward him and bring honour to his family, had sent a fairy, who appeared to him in a dream and told him the secret of the seal.

"Your home," said the Emperor, "must indeed be celebrated for benevolent and loving deeds to men, since even the fairies come down from the far-off Heaven to express their approbation. In accordance with my royal promise, I now appoint you to a high official position that will enrich you for life, for I consider that it will be for the welfare of my kingdom to have a man from a home, which the gods delight to honour, to assist me in the management of my public affairs."

From the moment when the royal favour was bestowed on Lo-yung, it seemed as though every particle of gratitude and every kindly remembrance of Chung had vanished completely out of his heart. He cut himself off from the home he had left only a few days ago, as completely as though it had never existed.

Weeks and months went by, but no news came from him, and the heart of Chung was wrung with anguish, for he knew that Lo-yung's unnatural conduct would in the end bring retribution upon Lo-yung himself.

At last he determined to send his son, Keng, to the capital to find out what had really become of Lo-yung.

Attended by one of his household servants, the young man reached his journey's end in a few days. On enquiring at his inn about Lo-yung, he was informed that he was a mandarin of great distinction in the city, and was under the special protection of the Emperor, whose favourite he was.

Hearing this joyful news, Keng, followed by his servant, at once hastened to the residence of Lo-yung, and was lucky enough to meet him as he rode out on horseback from his magnificent yamen, attended by a long retinue of officers and attendants.

Running up to the side of his horse, Keng cried out joyfully, "Ah! my brother, what a joy to meet you once more! How glad I am to see you!"

To his astonishment, Lo-yung, with a frown upon his face, angrily exclaimed; "You common fellow, what do you mean by calling me your brother? I have no brother. You are an impostor, and you must be severely punished for daring to claim kinship with me."

Calling some of the lictors in his train, he ordered them to beat Keng, and then cast him into prison, and to give strict injunctions to the jailer to treat him as a dangerous criminal. Wounded and bleeding from the severe scourging he had received, and in a terrible state of exhaustion, poor Keng was dragged to the prison, where he was thrown into the deepest dungeon, and left to recover as best he might from the shock he had sustained.

His condition was indeed a pitiable one. Those who could have helped and comforted him were far away. He could expect no alleviation of his sorrows from the jailer, for the heart of the latter had naturally become hardened by having to deal with the criminal classes. Besides he had received precise orders from the great mandarin, that this particular prisoner was to be treated as a danger to society. Even if he had been inclined to deal mercifully with him, he dared not disobey such definite and stringent commands as he had received from his superior.

The prison fare was only just enough to keep body and soul together. Keng had no money with which to bribe the jailer to give him a more generous diet, and there was no one to guarantee that any extra expenses which might be incurred would ever be refunded to him.

And then a miracle was wrought, and once more the fairies interfered, this time to save the life of the only son of the man whose fame for tenderness and compassion had reached the far-off Western Heaven.

One morning, as Keng lay weary and half-starved on the blackened heap of straw that served him as a bed in the corner of the prison, a monkey climbed up and clung to the narrow gratings through which the light penetrated into his room. In one of its hands it held a piece of pork which it kept offering to Keng. Very much surprised, he got up to take it, when to his delight he discovered that the monkey was the identical one which had been picked up by his father on the day of the great flood.

The same thing was repeated for several days in succession, and when the jailer asked for some explanation of these extraordinary proceedings, Keng gave him a detailed account of their wonderful deliverance by the fairies, the picking up of the monkey, and the rescue of Lo-yung, now the great mandarin, who was keeping him confined in prison. "Ah!" muttered the jailer under his breath, "the lower animals know how to show gratitude, but men do not."

A few days after this another messenger of the gods came to give his aid to Keng. A number of crows gathered on a roof which overlooked the narrow slits through which the prisoner could catch a glimpse of the blue sky. One of them flew on to the ledge outside, and Keng immediately recognized it as the one which had been saved from the floating branch in the turbid river. He was overjoyed to see this bird, and besought the jailer to allow him to write a letter to his father, telling him of his pitiful condition. This request was granted, and the document was tied to the leg of the crow, which flew away on its long flight to Chung with its important news.

Chung was greatly distressed when he read the letter that his son had written in prison, and with all the speed he could command, he travelled post haste to the capital. When he arrived there he made various attempts to obtain an interview with Lo-yung, but all in vain. The mandarin had not sense enough to see that the threads of fate were slowly winding themselves around him, and would soon entangle him to his destruction.

Very unwillingly, therefore, because he still loved Lo-yung and would have saved him if possible, Chung entered an accusation against him before Fau-Kung, the famous criminal judge.

The result of the investigation was the condemnation of Lo-yung, whose execution speedily followed, whilst Keng was promoted to the very position that had been occupied by the man who had tried to work his ruin.

Bamboo and the Turtle

from *A Chinese Wonder Book*

by Norman Hinsdale Pitman



A party of visitors had been seeing the sights at Hsi Ling. They had just passed down the Holy Way between the huge stone animals when Bamboo, a little boy of twelve, son of a keeper, rushed out from his father's house to see the mandarins go by. Such a parade of great men he had never seen before, even on the feast days. There were ten sedan chairs, with bearers dressed in flaming colours, ten long-handled, red umbrellas, each carried far in front of its proud owner, and a long line of horsemen.

When this gay procession had filed past, Bamboo was almost ready to cry because he could not run after the sightseers as they went from temple to temple and from tomb to tomb. But, alas! his father had ordered him never to follow tourists. "If you do, they will take you for a beggar, Bamboo," he had said shrewdly, "and if you're a beggar, then your daddy's one too. Now they don't want any beggars around the royal tombs." So Bamboo had never known the pleasure of pursuing the rich. Many times he had turned back to the little mud house, almost broken-hearted at seeing his playmates running, full of glee, after the great men's chairs.

On the day when this story opens, just as the last horseman had passed out of sight among the cedars, Bamboo chanced to look up toward one of the smaller temple buildings of which his father was the keeper. It was the house through which the visitors had just been shown. Could his eyes be deceiving him? No, the great iron doors had been forgotten in the hurry of the moment, and there they stood wide open, as if inviting him to enter.

In great excitement he scurried toward the temple. How often he had pressed his head against the bars and looked into the dark room, wishing and hoping that some day he might go in. And yet, not once had he been granted this favour. Almost every day since babyhood he had gazed at the high stone shaft, or tablet, covered with Chinese writing, that stood in the centre of the lofty room, reaching almost to the roof. But with still greater surprise his eyes had feasted on the giant turtle underneath, on whose back the column rested. There are many such tablets to be seen in China, many such turtles patiently bearing their loads of stone, but this was the only sight of the kind that Bamboo had seen. He had never been outside the Hsi Ling forest, and, of course, knew very little of the great world beyond.

It is no wonder then that the turtle and the tablet had always astonished him. He had asked his father to explain the mystery. "Why do they have a turtle? Why not a lion or an elephant?"

For he had seen stone figures of these animals in the park and had thought them much better able than his friend, the turtle, to carry loads on their backs. "Why it's just the custom," his father had replied—the answer always given when Bamboo asked a question, "just the custom." The boy had tried to imagine it all for himself, but had never been quite sure that he was right, and now, joy of all joys, he was about to enter the very turtle-room itself. Surely, once inside, he could find some answer to this puzzle of his childhood.

Breathless, he dashed through the doorway, fearing every minute that some one would notice the open gates and close them before he could enter. Just in front of the giant turtle he fell in a little heap on the floor, which was covered inch-deep with dust. His face was streaked, his clothes were a sight to behold; but Bamboo cared nothing for such trifles. He lay there for a few moments, not daring to move. Then, hearing a noise outside, he crawled under the ugly stone beast and crouched in his narrow hiding-place, as still as a mouse.

"There, there!" said a deep voice. "See what you are doing, stirring up such a dust! Why, you will strangle me if you are not careful."

It was the turtle speaking, and yet Bamboo's father had often told him that it was not alive. The boy lay trembling for a minute, too much frightened to get up and run.

"No use in shaking so, my lad," the voice continued, a little more kindly. "I suppose all boys are alike—good for nothing but kicking up a dust." He finished this sentence with a hoarse chuckle, and the boy, seeing that he was laughing, looked up with wonder at the strange creature.

"I meant no harm in coming," said the child finally. "I only wanted to look at you more closely."

"Oh, that was it, hey? Well, that is strange. All the others come and stare at the tablet on my back. Sometimes they read aloud the nonsense written there about dead emperors and their titles, but they never so much as look at me, at me whose father was one of the great four who made the world."

Bamboo's eyes shone with wonder. "What! your father helped make the world?" he gasped.

"Well, not my father exactly, but one of my grandfathers, and it amounts to the same thing, doesn't it. But, hark! I hear a voice. The keeper is coming back. Run up and close those doors, so he won't notice that they have not been locked. Then you may hide in the corner there until he has passed. I have something more to tell you."

Bamboo did as he was told. It took all his strength to swing the heavy doors into place. He felt very important to think that he was doing something for the grandson of a maker of the world, and it would have broken his heart if this visit had been ended just as it was beginning.

Sure enough, his father and the other keepers passed on, never dreaming that the heavy locks were not fastened as usual. They were talking about the great men who had just gone. They seemed very happy and were jingling some coins in their hands.

"Now, my boy," said the stone turtle when the sound of voices had died away and Bamboo had come out from his corner, "maybe you think I'm proud of my job. Here I've been holding up this chunk for a hundred years, I who am fond of travel. During all this time night and day, I have been trying to think of some way to give up my position. Perhaps it's honourable, but, you may well imagine, it's not very pleasant."

"I should think you would have the backache," ventured Bamboo timidly.

"Backache! well, I think so; back, neck, legs, eyes, everything I have is aching, aching for freedom. But, you see, even if I had kicked up my heels and overthrown this monument, I had no way of getting through those iron bars," and he nodded toward the gate.

"Yes, I understand," agreed Bamboo, beginning to feel sorry for his old friend.

"But, now that you are here, I have a plan, and a good one it is, too, I think. The watchmen have forgotten to lock the gate. What is to prevent my getting my freedom this very night? You open the gate, I walk out, and no one the wiser."

"But my father will lose his head if they find that he has failed to do his duty and you have escaped."
"Oh, no; not at all. You can slip his keys to-night, lock the gates after I am gone, and no one will know just what has happened. Why it will make this building famous. It won't hurt your father, but will do him good. So many travellers will be anxious to see the spot from which I vanished. I am too heavy for a thief to carry off, and they will be sure that it is another miracle of the gods. Oh, I shall have a good time out in the big world."

Just here Bamboo began to cry.

"Now what is the silly boy blubbering about?" sneered the turtle. "Is he nothing but a cry-baby?"

"No, but I don't want you to go."

"Don't want me to go, eh? Just like all the others. You're a fine fellow! What reason have you for wanting to see me weighed down here all the rest of my life with a mountain on my back? Why, I thought you were sorry for me, and it turns out that you are as mean as anybody else."

"It is so lonely here, and I have no playmates. You are the only friend I have."

The tortoise laughed loudly. "Ho, ho! so it's because I make you a good playmate, eh? Now, if that's your reason, that's another story altogether. What do you say to going with me then? I, too, need a friend, and if you help me to escape, why, you are the very friend for me."

"But how shall you get the tablet off your back?" questioned Bamboo doubtfully. "It's very heavy."

"That's easy, just walk out of the door. The tablet is too tall to go through. It will slide off and sit on the floor instead of on my shell."

Bamboo, wild with delight at the thought of going on a journey with the turtle, promised to obey the other's commands. After supper, when all were asleep in the little house of the keeper, he slipped from his bed, took down the heavy key from its peg, and ran pell-mell to the temple.

"Well, you didn't forget me, did you?" asked the turtle when Bamboo swung the iron gates open.

"Oh, no, I would not break a promise. Are you ready?"

"Yes, quite ready." So saying, the turtle took a step. The tablet swayed backward and forward, but did not fall. On walked the turtle until finally he stuck his ugly head through the doorway. "Oh, how good it looks outside," he said. "How pleasant the fresh air feels! Is that the moon rising over yonder? It's the first time I've seen it for an age. My word! just look at the trees! How they have grown since they set that tombstone on my back! There's a regular forest outside now."

Bamboo was delighted when he saw the turtle's glee at escaping.

"Be careful," he cried, "not to let the tablet fall hard enough to break it."

Even as he spoke, the awkward beast waddled through the door. The upper end of the monument struck against the wall, toppled off, and fell with a great crash to the floor. Bamboo shivered with fear. Would his father come and find out what had happened?

"Don't be afraid, my boy. No one will come at this hour of the night to spy on us."

Bamboo quickly locked the gates, ran back to the house, and hung the key on its peg. He took a long look at his sleeping parents, and then returned to his friend. After all, he would not be gone long and his father would surely forgive him.

Soon the comrades were walking down the broad road, very slowly, for the tortoise is not swift of foot and Bamboo's legs were none too long.

"Where are you going?" said the boy at last, after he had begun to feel more at home with the turtle.

"Going? Where should you think I would want to go after my century in prison? Why, back to the first home of my father, back to the very spot where the great god, P'anku, and his three helpers hewed out the world."

"And is it far?" faltered the boy, beginning to feel just the least bit tired.

"At this rate, yes, but, bless my life, you didn't think we could travel all the way at this snail's pace, I hope. Jump on my back, and I'll show you how to go. Before morning we shall be at the end of the world, or rather, the beginning."

"Where is the beginning of the world?" asked Bamboo. "I have never studied geography."

"We must cross China, then Thibet, and at last in the mountains just beyond we shall reach the spot which P'anku made the centre of his labour."

At that moment Bamboo felt himself being lifted from the ground. At first he thought he would slip off the turtle's rounded shell, and he cried out in fright.

"Never fear," said his friend. "Only sit quietly, and there will be no danger."

They had now risen far into the air, and Bamboo could look down over the great forest of Hsi Ling all bathed in moonlight. There were the broad white roads leading up to the royal tombs, the beautiful temples, the buildings where oxen and sheep were prepared for sacrifice, the lofty towers, and the high tree-covered hills [98]under which the emperors were buried. Until that night Bamboo had not known the size of this royal graveyard. Could it be that the turtle would carry him beyond the forest? Even as he asked himself this question he saw that they had reached a mountain, and the turtle was ascending higher, still higher, to cross the mighty wall of stone.

Bamboo grew dizzy as the turtle rose farther into the sky. He felt as he sometimes did when he played whirling games with his little friends, and got so dizzy that he tumbled over upon the ground. However, this time he knew that he must keep his head and not fall, for it must have been almost a mile to the ground below him. At last they had passed over the mountain and were flying above a great plain. Far below Bamboo could see sleeping villages and little streams of water that looked like silver in the moonlight. Now, directly beneath them was a city. A few feeble lights could be seen in the dark narrow streets, and Bamboo thought he could hear the faint cries of peddlers crying their midnight wares.

"That's the capital of Shan-shi just below us," said the turtle, breaking his long silence. "It is almost two hundred miles from here to your father's house, and we have taken less than half an hour. Beyond that is the Province of the Western Valleys. In one hour we shall be above Thibet."

On they whizzed at lightning speed. If it had not been hot summer time Bamboo would have been almost frozen. As it was, his hands and feet were cold and stiff.

The turtle, as if knowing how chilly he was, flew nearer to the ground where it was warmer. How pleasant for Bamboo! He was so tired that he could keep his eyes open no longer and he was soon soaring in the land of dreams.

When he waked up it was morning. He was lying on the ground in a wild, rocky region. Not far away burned a great wood fire, and the turtle was watching some food that was cooking in a pot.

"Ho, ho, my lad! so you have at last waked up after your long ride. You see we are a little early. No matter if the dragon does think he can fly faster, I beat him, didn't I? Why, even the phoenix laughs at me and says I am slow, but the phoenix has not come yet either. Yes, I have clearly broken the record for speed, and I had a load to carry too, which neither of the others had, I am sure."

"Where are we?" questioned Bamboo.

"In the land of the beginning," said the other wisely. "We flew over Thibet, and then went northwest for two hours. If you haven't studied geography you won't know the name of the country. But, here we are, and that is enough, isn't it, enough for any one? And to-day is the yearly feast-day in honour of the making of the world. It was very fortunate for me that the gates were left open yesterday. I am afraid my old friends, the dragon and the phoenix, have almost forgotten what I look like. It is so long since they saw me. Lucky beasts they are, not to be loaded down under an emperor's tablet. Hello! I hear the dragon coming now, if I am not mistaken. Yes, here he is. How glad I am to see him!"

Bamboo heard a great noise like the whirr of enormous wings, and then, looking up, saw a huge dragon just in front of him. He knew it was a dragon from the pictures he had seen and the carvings in the temples.

The dragon and the turtle had no sooner greeted each other, both very happy at the meeting, than they were joined by a queer-looking bird, unlike any that Bamboo had ever seen, but which he knew was the phoenix. This phoenix looked somewhat like a wild swan, but it had the bill of a cock, the neck of a snake, the tail of a fish and the stripes of a dragon. Its feathers were of five colours.

When the three friends had chatted merrily for a few minutes, the turtle told them how Bamboo had helped him to escape from the temple.

"A clever boy," said the dragon, patting Bamboo gently on the back.

"Yes, yes, a clever boy indeed," echoed the phoenix.

"Ah," sighed the turtle, "if only the good god, P'anku, were here, shouldn't we be happy! But, I fear he will never come to this meeting-place. No doubt he is off in some distant spot, cutting out another world. If I could only see him once more, I feel that I should die in peace."

"Just listen!" laughed the dragon. "As if one of us could die! Why, you talk like a mere mortal."

All day long the three friends chatted, feasted, and had a good time looking round at the places where they had lived so happily when P'anku had been cutting out the world. They were good to Bamboo also and showed him many wonderful things of which he had never dreamed.

"You are not half so mean-looking and so fierce as they paint you on the flags," said Bamboo in a friendly voice to the dragon just as they were about to separate.

The three friends laughed heartily.

"Oh, no, he's a very decent sort of fellow, even if he is covered with fish-scales," joked the phoenix.

Just before they bade each other good-bye, the phoenix gave Bamboo a long scarlet tail-feather for a keepsake, and the dragon gave him a large scale which turned to gold as soon as the boy took it into his hand.

"Come, come, we must hurry," said the turtle. "I am afraid your father will think you are lost." So Bamboo, after having spent the happiest day of his life, mounted the turtle's back, and they rose once more above the clouds. Back they flew even faster than they had come. Bamboo had so many things to talk about that he did not once think of going to sleep, for he had really seen the dragon and the phoenix, and if he never were to see anything else in his life, he would always be happy.

Suddenly the turtle stopped short in his swift flight, and Bamboo felt himself slipping. Too late he screamed for help, too late he tried to save himself. Down, down from that dizzy height he tumbled, turning, twisting, thinking of the awful death that was surely coming. Swish! he shot through the tree tops trying vainly to clutch the friendly branches. Then with a loud scream he struck the ground, and his long journey was ended.

"Come out from under that turtle, boy! What are you doing inside the temple in the dirt? Don't you know this is not the proper place for you?"

Bamboo rubbed his eyes. Though only half awake, he knew it was his father's voice.

"But didn't it kill me?" he said as his father pulled him out by the heel from under the great stone turtle.

"What killed you, foolish boy? What can you be talking about? But I'll half-kill you if you don't hurry out of this and come to your supper. Really I believe you are getting too lazy to eat. The idea of sleeping the whole afternoon under that turtle's belly!"

Bamboo, not yet fully awake, stumbled out of the tablet room, and his father locked the iron doors.

The Dragon After His Winter Sleep

by Dr. Richard Wilhelm

The Chinese Fairy Book
Chapter XLIII

ONCE there was a scholar who was reading in the upper story of his house. It was a rainy, cloudy day and the weather was gloomy. Suddenly he saw a little thing which shone like a fire-fly. It crawled upon the table, and wherever it went it left traces of burns, curved like the tracks of a rainworm. Gradually it wound itself about the scholar's book and the book, too, grew black. Then it occurred to him that it might be a dragon. So he carried it out of doors on the book. There he stood for quite some time; but it sat uncurled, without moving in the least.

Then the scholar said: "It shall not be said of me that I was lacking in respect." With these words he carried back the book and once more laid it on the table. Then he put on his robes of ceremony, made a deep bow and escorted the dragon out on it again.

No sooner had he left the door, than he noticed that the dragon raised his head and stretched himself. Then he flew up from the book with a hissing sound, like a radiant streak. Once more he turned around toward the scholar, and his head had already grown to the size of a barrel, while his body must have been a full fathom in length. He gave one more snaky twist, and then there was a terrible crash of thunder and the dragon went sailing through the air.

The scholar then returned and looked to see which way the little creature had come. And he could follow his tracks hither and thither, to his chest of books.

Note: This tale is also from the "Strange Stories." The dragon, head of all scaled creatures and insects, hibernates during the winter according to the Chinese belief. At the time he is quite small. When the first spring storm comes he flies up to the clouds on the lightning. Here the dragon's nature as an atmospheric apparition is expressed.

The Fox and the Raven

by Dr. Richard Wilhelm

The Chinese Fairy Book
Chapter XIII

THE fox knows how to flatter, and how to play many cunning tricks. Once upon a time he saw a raven, who alighted on a tree with a piece of meat in his beak. The fox seated himself beneath the tree, looked up at him, and began to praise him.

"Your color," he began, "is pure black. This proves to me that you possess all the wisdom of Laotzse, who knows how to shroud his learning in darkness. The manner in which you manage to feed your mother shows that your filial affection equals that which the Master Dsong had for his parents. Your voice is rough and strong. It proves that you have the courage with which King Hiang once drove his foes to flight by the mere sound of his voice. In truth, you are the king of birds!"

The raven, hearing this, was filled with joy and said: "I thank you! I thank you!"

And before he knew it, the meat fell to earth from his opened beak.

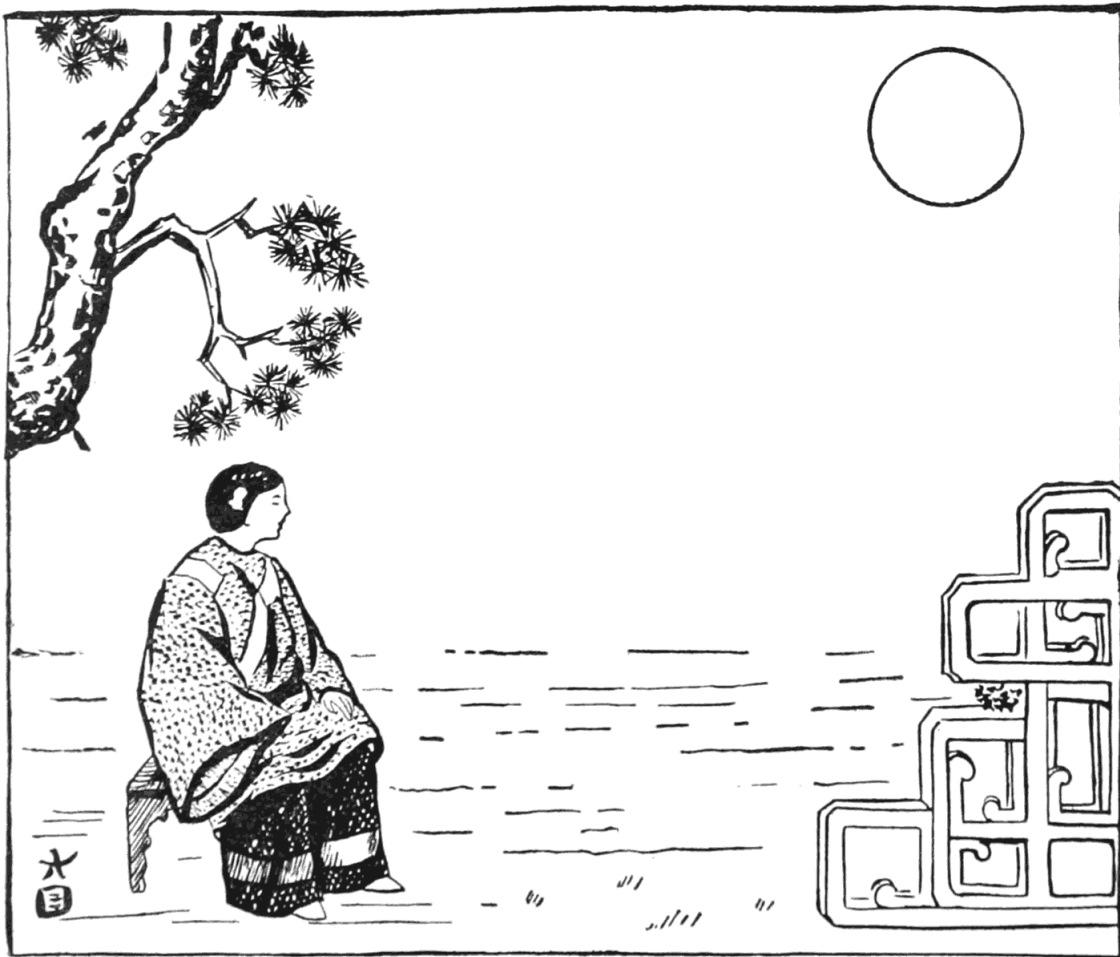
The fox caught it up, devoured it and then said, laughing: "Make note of this, my dear sir: if some one praises you without occasion, he is sure to have a reason for doing so."

Note: Traditionally narrated, it may be taken for granted that this is simply Æsop's fable in Chinese dress. The manner of presentation is characteristically Chinese. Master Dsong was King Dsi's most faithful pupil, renowned for his piety. The raven is known in China as "the bird of filial love," for it is said that the young ravens bring forth the food they have eaten from their beaks again, in order to feed the old birds.

How the Moon Became Beautiful

by Mary Hayes Davis and Chow-Leung

from Chinese Fables and Folk Stories



The Moon is very beautiful with his round, bright face which shines with soft and gentle light on all the world of man. But once there was a time when he was not so beautiful as he is now. Six thousand years ago the face of the Moon became changed in a single night. Before that time his face had been so dark and gloomy that no one liked to look at him, and for this reason he was always very sad.

One day he complained to the flowers and to the stars—for they were the only things that would ever look in his face.

The Moon is very beautiful with his round, bright face which shines with soft and gentle light on all the world of man. But once there was a time when he was not so beautiful as he is now. Six thousand years ago the face of the Moon became changed in a single night. Before that time his face had been so dark and gloomy that no one liked to look at him, and for this reason he was always very sad.

One day he complained to the flowers and to the stars—for they were the only things that would ever look in his face.

He said, "I do not like to be the Moon. I wish I were a star or a flower. If I were a star, even the smallest one, some great general would care for me; but alas! I am only the Moon and no one likes me. If I could only be a flower and grow in a garden where the beautiful earth women come, they would place me in their hair and praise my fragrance and beauty. Or, if I could even grow in the wilderness where no one could see, the birds would surely come and sing sweet songs for me. But I am only the Moon and no one honors me."

The stars answered and said, "We can not help you. We were born here and we can not leave our places. We never had any one to help us. We do our duty, we work all the day and twinkle in the dark night to make the skies more beautiful.—But that is all we can do," they added, as they smiled coldly at the sorrowful Moon.

Then the flowers smiled sweetly and said, "We do not know how we can help you. We live always in one place—in a garden near the most beautiful maiden in all the world. As she is kind to every one in trouble we will tell her about you. We love her very much and she loves us. Her name is Tseh-N'io."

Still the Moon was sad. So one evening he went to see the beautiful maiden Tseh-N'io. And when he saw her he loved her at once. He said, "Your face is very beautiful. I wish that you would come to me, and that my face would be as your face. Your motions are gentle and full of grace. Come with me and we will be as one—and perfect. I know that even the worst people in all the world would have only to look at you and they would love you. Tell me, how did you come to be so beautiful?"

"I have always lived with those who were gentle and happy, and I believe that is the cause of beauty and goodness," answered Tseh-N'io.

And so the Moon went every night to see the maiden. He knocked on her window, and she came. And when he saw how gentle and beautiful she was, his love grew stronger, and he wished more and more to be with her always.

One day Tseh-N'io said to her mother, "I should like to go to the Moon and live always with him. Will you allow me to go?"

Her mother thought so little of the question that she made no reply, and Tseh-N'io told her friends that she was going to be the Moon's bride.

In a few days she was gone. Her mother searched everywhere but could not find her. And one of Tseh-N'io's friends said,—“She has gone with the Moon, for he asked her many times.”

A year and a year passed by and Tseh-N'io, the gentle and beautiful earth maiden, did not return. Then the people said, “She has gone forever. She is with the Moon.”

The face of the Moon is very beautiful now. It is happy and bright and gives a soft, gentle light to all the world. And there are those who say that the Moon is now like Tseh-N'io, who was once the most beautiful of all earth maidens.

The Clever Wife

Han Dynasty (202 BC – AD 220)

A very long time ago there lived, in a far corner of China, in Sinkiang, a good and simple man named Fu-hsing who had an unusually clever wife. All the day long he would run to her with questions about thus-and-such, or about such-and-thus, as the case might fall out; and no matter how difficult the problem he took to her, she always thought of a solution. Thanks to her wondrous acumen, the house of Fu-hsing prospered mightily.

Fu-hsing was remarkably proud of his wife and often spoke of her as his "Incomparable Wisdom," his "Matchless Wit," or his "Dearest Capability." He only wished that all who passed his house could know it was her cleverness that had brought him such great prosperity. For months he puzzled his head over a suitable way of declaring his gratitude, and at last conceived of a couplet that delicately conveyed his feeling. He inscribed the lines on twin scrolls and posted them on the gate before his house:

"A Matchless Wit like Fu-hsing's
Does with ease a million things."

All who passed the house saw the scrolls, and those who knew Fu-hsing thought what a scrupulous and honest husband he was to thus praise his wife. One day, however, the district magistrate happened to pass that way. On reading the scrolls, he drew his mouth down and his eyebrows together in a terrible frown.

"What a boastful, conceited fellow lives there!" he thought. "What appalling arrogance! Such windbagery should not go unpunished!" When he returned to his quarters, he sent a clerk with a stern summons for Fu-hsing to appear before him forthwith.

The summons so frightened Fu-hsing that he could scarcely speak enough words to tell his wife of it. "I can't understand... I'm law-abiding... a good citizen... I pay taxes and tariffs without cheating..." He pulled frantically at his hair, sprinkling strands of it on the floor. "My dear Capability, what can I have done to bring upon me this summons?"

His wife laid a calming hand on him before he could tear out the last of his sparse hair. "It must be," she said after a moment's thought, "that the scrolls on the gate have given offense. Really, it is not worth worrying about! Go with the clerk to see the magistrate and have no fear. If you run into difficulty, we can talk it over when you return."

Much relieved, Fu-hsing went off with the clerk and soon was standing before the magistrate, whose eyebrows by now had nudged so close together that they were quite entangled with each other. He sat glowering behind an immense table, his arms folded magisterially into his sleeves.

"So!" he exclaimed. "This is the braggart who posts scrolls on his gate to boast of his extraordinary cleverness!" He leaned forward to glare into Fu-hsing's face, the terrible eyebrows bristling like angry hedgehogs. "You would have the world believe you can do anything at all, would you? No matter how difficult?"

"Very well!" Loosing his arms from his sleeves, he struck an angry fist on the table. "I have three small tasks for you to perform. At once! For a fellow of your prodigious talents, they should provide no difficulty. No difficulty whatsoever."

"First, then,"—pound went the fist—"you shall weave a cloth as long as a road."

"Second,"—pound, pound—"you shall make as much wine as there is water in the ocean."

"Third,"—pound, pound, pound—"you shall raise a pig as big as a mountain."

With an awful smile, the magistrate uncurled his fist to waggle a long finger under poor Fu-hsing's nose. "Of course, if you do not accomplish these tasks for me—one, two, three—you will soon learn how this court deals with swollen heads!"

Wretched and anxious, Fu-hsing hastened home to his wife and stammered out the three impossible demands made by the magistrate.

His wife threw back her head and laughed. "Foolish husband!" she said. "The hardest problems are those with the simplest answers!"

Fu-hsing continued to wring his hands. "But what shall I do? I know that you can accomplish anything, but this is beyond all reason..."

Madame Fu-hsing's smile stopped him. "It is really quite simple. Rest well tonight. Tomorrow you must go back to the magistrate and present to him three quite ordinary implements which I shall make ready for you. I will give you certain words to take along with these devices, and you must say them to the magistrate just as I tell them to you."

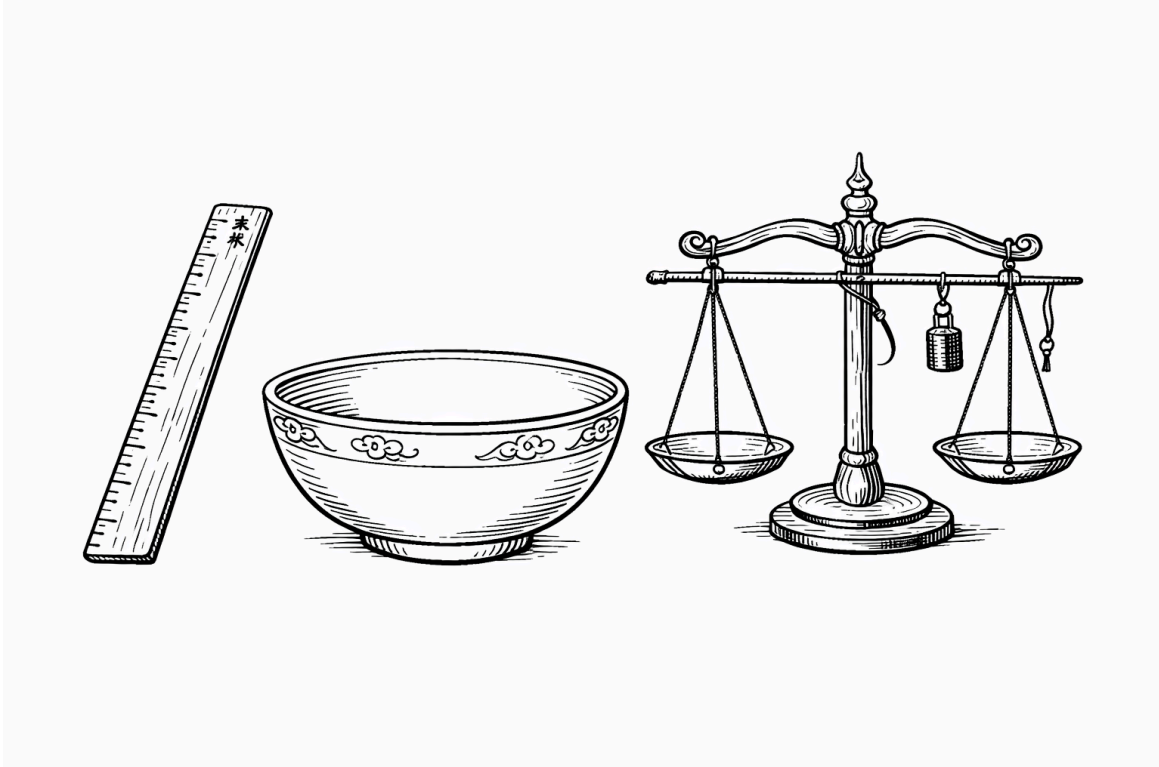
Fu-hsing attended well to his wife's instructions, and the next morning, carrying a ruler, a large measuring bowl, and a balancing scale, he presented himself to the magistrate once again. When he started speaking, the eyebrows were as tightly knotted as before, but as Fu-hsing continued—and laid, in turn, the three measuring devices before the magistrate—the brows gradually lifted up and away from his eyes until they became like flying birds of astonishment.

"This morning, as I was setting out to do the tasks you gave me," Fu-hsing began, "I realized that I needed further instruction from you before I could finish. Therefore, Your Honor, I have taken the liberty of bringing these three measures to facilitate your task."

I must respectfully ask you, first, to measure the road with this ruler that I may know the length of the cloth I must weave; second, measure the ocean's water with this bowl that I may know how much wine I must make; and third, weigh the mountain with this balance that I may know how big a pig I must raise."

Fu-hsing made a deferential bow. "Just as soon as you have set the standards, Your Honor, I shall be pleased to finish the tasks."

So confounded was the magistrate at the cunning solution to his three problems that he allowed Fu-hsing to go without punishment, and never ventured to bother him again. Truly, the magistrate believed Fu-hsing's Matchless Wit could do a million things.





Plutarch Selection

For our Plutarch selection, we have chosen "The Man with Many Faces," a study of Alcibiades, a brilliant yet changeable man whose shifting loyalties reveal the dangers of ambition without steady character.

This chapter is taken from *The Children's Plutarch: Stories of the Greeks*, and is included it on the following pages. The book may also be purchased on Amazon.

If your children are 6th grade or older, we recommend spending a full 12-week term studying Alcibiades with the edited (for length and content) study guide from Ambleside [here](#).

You can also purchase the guide by Anne White on Amazon. (This is in place of *The Children's Plutarch*, not in addition to.)

Plutarch

The Man with Many Faces

By Frederick James Gould

TWO boys were wrestling in the streets of Athens, each trying to fling the other to the ground. One of them was just on the point of falling when he bit the hands of his rival, and made him let go his hold.

"Ho!" cried the other wrestler, "you are biting like a woman!" "No," he replied, "I bite like a lion."

Well, lions may bite if they please; but it does not appear to me to be manly for lads to bite, even in sport.

The boy who bit had a long Greek name—Alcibiades (Al-ki-by-a-deez). He lived from about 450 B.C. to 404 B.C.

One day he was playing at dice with other Athenian lads in the street. Just as he was about to throw the little square blocks of bone a wagon rumbled along, and Alcibiades called out to the driver to stop. The man took no notice of the boy's call, and came on. Thereupon Alcibiades laid himself across the narrow road, and dared the driver to run over him. This, of course, the driver would not do, and he was obliged to come to a halt, and the boy laughed at having got his own way.

When he grew to be a young man he was the talk of the city. He was rich, his house was splendid, his clothes costly; and many persons followed him and courted him in the hope of getting favors and gifts. As a man, he did strange freaks just the same as in his earlier years, and the Athenian folk would tell each other, with smiles, stories of his jests and peculiar deeds. He would not play the flute because he said it made the player twist his mouth into ugly shapes, but he would rather play the stringed instrument called the lyre. And the young men of Athens followed his fashion, and none of them would buy or touch a flute.

A certain man invited Alcibiades to a feast at his house, and prepared a grand meal, setting gold and silver vessels on his table. Many guests were entering the banqueting-hall, when Alcibiades suddenly strode in, attended by several of his serving-men, and he bade them snatch up half the precious cups and carry them away. And they did so. The guests expected the master of the house to rush after Alcibiades and angrily demand his cups back again. The foolish man, however, only said:

"No, let him go. After all, he has only taken half, and if he had liked he might have taken all."

The fact was he was so stupidly fond of Alcibiades that he was ready to give him his richest ornaments. And all the time Alcibiades did not feel respect for these people who were so eager to make his acquaintance. He seemed (at any rate, sometimes) to care much for the company of Socrates.

Now, Socrates was an ugly-looking man, who would sit in the market-place of Athens, or in the house of a friend, and talk to the people who gathered about his chair. He was the best and wisest of the citizens, and young men would listen to his speech with great eagerness. I fear, however, that Alcibiades loved many other things quite as much as he loved Socrates, and these things were not always good or useful. He seemed to be a man with many faces. One day he would wear the face of a student, fond of learning. The next day he would wear the face of a clown, taking delight in jokes. He was very changeable.

Having met a well-known and honorable man, Alcibiades went up to him and gave him a box on the ears for no reason whatever, except that he had told his companions he would do so, and they would not believe it. The next morning he called at the house of the old citizen whom he had thus insulted and begged his pardon, and even offered to take any beating which the gentleman might care to give him. But the Athenian bore no ill-will, and freely forgave the daring young man; and I suppose the people passed the story round as a merry jest. He knew the citizens talked about him. He would have been rather miserable if they had not, for he was of a vain and conceited temper. Having bought a very fine dog for a considerable sum of money, he actually cut off the creature's beautiful bushy tail.

"Everybody in the town is talking about the odd way in which you treated your dog," a friend told him.

"This," he replied, "is just what I wanted, for I would rather have the Athenians talk of this action, lest they might find something worse to say about me!"

You will be amused to hear that he, like many Athenians, was fond of breeding a sort of bird called quails. If you look in your book of natural history and examine a picture of a quail, you may not think it a very handsome bird; but it was the fancy of the young men in Athens to make pets of these quails, and Alcibiades used often to carry one under his robe. When he walked in the streets once his quail got loose, and a whole crowd of people went scampering after it to see which should have the honor of restoring it to the owner! They thought Alcibiades a very jolly fellow, and especially when he once sent seven chariots to the Olympic games to take part in the races. Loud were the shouts as he dashed by in one race after another, raising an immense dust about the hoofs of the horses and the wheels of his chariots. He won three prizes, and was so pleased at the result that at his own expense he gave a feast to all the thousands of people who had witnessed the races. When he passed along public places, dressed in a long purple cloak, he was gazed at with much admiration.

"Here is a noble leader for us," some people would say. "See how handsome a man he is; how well he would lead us in war!"

You may remember how I told you of the long, long war (it lasted twenty eight years) between Athens and Sparta. This struggle was now going on, and the man in the purple cloak—the man with many faces—thought he could be a mighty warrior as well as a flute-player, a quail-breeder, a chariot-racer, and a friend of Socrates.

He would make speeches to the crowds, and tell them what a great city Athens was, and what victories she would win. One shrewd man, named Timon, called out to him once:

"Go on, my brave boy, and prosper; for your prosperity will bring ruin on all this crowd."

He meant that, if the people put their faith in Alcibiades, it would do no good to the city.

But for a while Alcibiades made himself a famous name in the wars, and won several battles; and when the Athenians (as I have related) set sail to conquer Sicily he was captain of one hundred and forty galleys, fifty-one hundred soldiers in heavy armor, and thirteen hundred archers and slingers. But he did nothing of much note in Sicily, and was called back to Athens to answer a charge. It was brought against him that, one night, in a mad trick, he and his friends had gone round the streets breaking the images of Hermes (*Her-meas*), which stood at the doors of all houses in Athens. These images were guardians of the homes, and it was thought a very dreadful thing to interfere with them. Whether Alcibiades had really done this I do not know, but people knew his character, and thought he was quite likely to have insulted the images; and he was condemned to lose his property, and to be sent into exile. Where do you think he went to? He went to Sparta, the city which hated Athens, and was making war against his own native place. In Sparta he acted as he did in Athens. He tried to set everybody admiring him. All his fine clothes were hidden away; he was now dressed in coarse garments; his curls were clipped, his hair close shaven; he ate the Spartan black bread, and drank the black broth, and sat on rough wooden seats, and would have neither carpets nor pictures in his house. This pleased the people of Sparta, and that was all Alcibiades cared for. He pleased them yet more when he joined their armies, and took part in the war against his own countrymen. When, at length, the King of Sparta grew suspicious of him, and thought he was not to be trusted, the man with many faces went over to Asia Minor, and took refuge with a Persian grandee, or nobleman; and the Persians, as you have heard, were bitter foes to the Athenians, but it was all the same to Alcibiades. With the Persians he drank and ate, and sang and hunted; and they also regarded him as a fine fellow. Later on he changed again, and took the side of Athens, and helped in a sea-battle against the Spartans, and won a victory. Other battles were won, and the citizens welcomed him back, gave him his lands again, and crowned him with crowns of gold.

But this glory did not last. The Spartans were masters at the end of the war, and the walls of Athens lay in ruin.

And where was Alcibiades? He had fled to Asia again, and there the Persians slew him, in order to please the powerful Spartans. They had set fire to his house one night. He sallied out, sword in hand, and died fighting.

Certainly, he was clever; and he was witty; and he was handsome; and he was brave; and he was popular—that is, people thought a great deal of him. And do you consider he was good? No. And why not? His aim was always to make the folk admire him, wonder at him, and talk about him. From one thing to another he changed; in one respect only he was forever the same—he never seemed to care for any one but himself. Socrates was ugly; but we honor his memory. Alcibiades was handsome; his cloak was rich purple; his house filled with treasures; but we do not honor his memory. He could not teach even a dog to love him; neither could any man trust him.



History & Geography

For history, we are providing links to three living books in the public domain, which you might like to incorporate into this morning time session (see *next page*).

Your family may also enjoy reading the portions of *Augustus Caesar's World*, by Genevieve Foster, that talk about China. [Here](#) is a free version, and [here](#) is a link to Amazon to purchase your own copy.

For geography, you can read chapters 28-30 of Richard Halliburton's *Book of Marvels: The Orient* (online [here](#)). See the next page for website links that coincide with these chapters.

We have also provided a 1962 map of China from the Library of Congress, as well as a line map. We highly recommend using your own atlas and globe for further study.

Click [here](#) to view a .gif of China's Dynastic Territories.

"Study the past if you would define the future."

~ Confucius

History & Geography

History & Geography

Check out these living books (provided by **Heritage History**) to ascertain if your family might enjoy reading one for history. Please read their synopsis above each book to determine if it meets your family's needs:

- [The Story of China, by R. Van Bergen](#)
- [China's Story, by William Elliot Griffis](#)
- [Genghis Khan, by Jacob Abbott](#)

To really make Richard Halliburton's *Book of Marvels: The Orient* come alive, check out the corresponding [Complete Book of Marvels](#) website. The following URLs directly coincide with the chapters you will study:

- Chapter 28, [A Tale from the Jungle](#) (Cambodia)
- Chapter 29, [The Great Stone Serpent](#) (China)
- Chapter 30, [The Magic Mountain](#) (Japan)

Additionally, [this site](#) has more videos to go alongside the chapters.

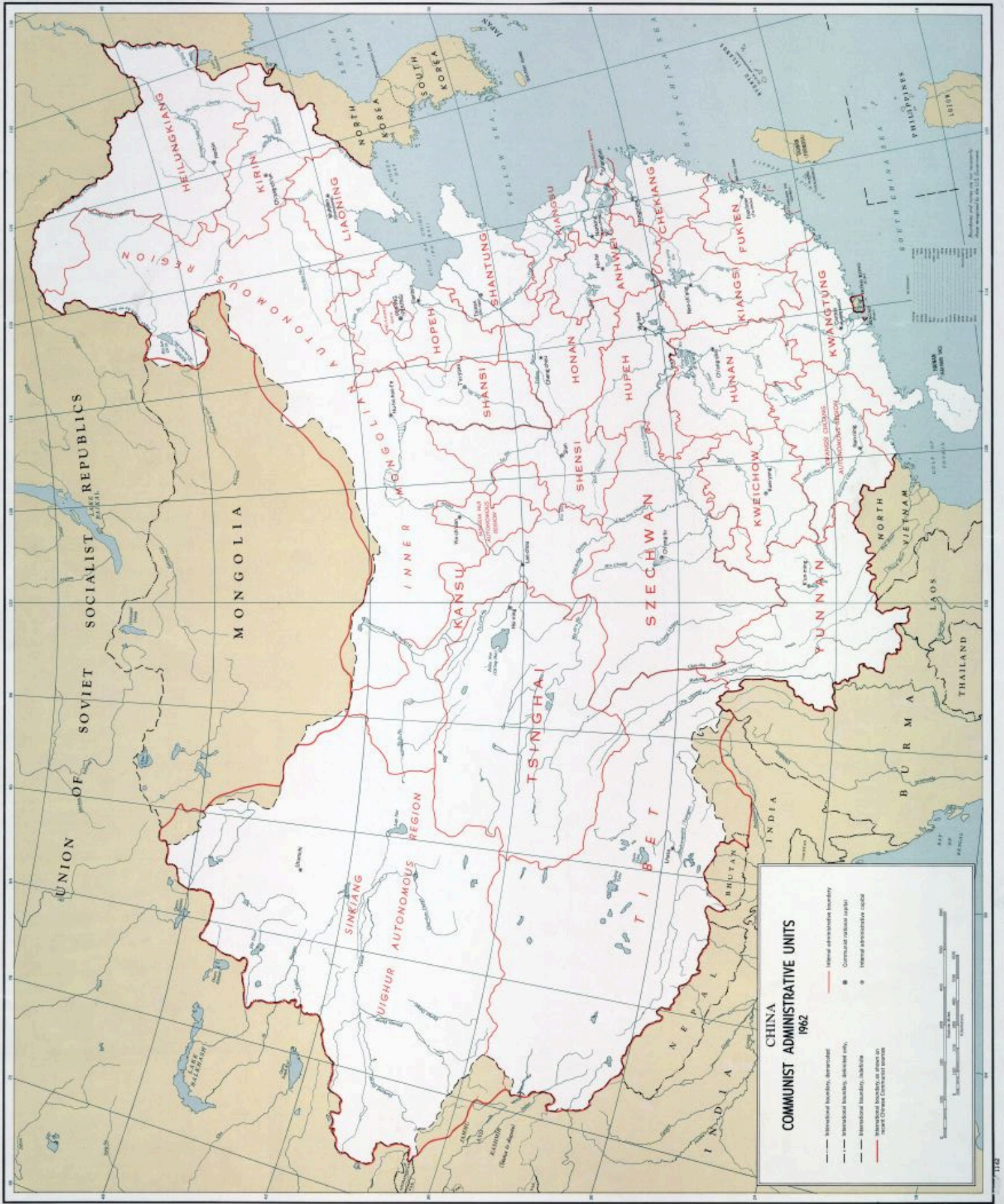
For further study:

40 Maps that Explain the Roman Empire:

<https://www.vox.com/world/2018/6/19/17469176/roman-empire-maps-history-explained>

(Please prescreen this website.)

Other links: History: Ancient Greece <https://www.history.com/topics/ancient-greece/ancient-greece>, and Ancient Rome <https://www.history.com/topics/ancient-rome/ancient-rome>







Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."

~ Charlotte Mason

Nature Study



Bamboo 1

Bambusoideae

- Bamboo is a type of tall, woody plant that grows in clusters and can reach heights of up to 151 feet.
- Though the stems of bamboo are woody like a tree, it is actually considered a type of grass.

- This is because, like grass, it has a hollow stem and will continue to grow after being cut.
- Because of the way it grows, bamboo is one of the fastest-growing plants in the world, and some species can even grow up to 35 inches in one day!
- Bamboo wood is used to build many things, such as bridges, houses, furniture, and even cooking utensils. Its shoots can also be cooked and eaten, making it a very versatile plant.



Plum Blossom 1

Prunus mume

- The Plum Blossom, also known as the Chinese Plum, or by its Latin name, *Prunus mume*, is a species of tree with beautiful pink, white, or red blossoms in the late winter and early spring.
- Despite being called a type of plum, these plants are actually

a type of apricot, and the fruit, which is very tart, turns yellow or red when ripe.

- Plum Blossom flowers are thought to represent endurance and perseverance because they bloom so early in the year, before nearly any other plant.
- The Chinese Plum is deeply important in Chinese culture, and has been used in art, literature, medicine, and cooking for centuries. It is even used in teas, sauces, and juices, or sometimes dried or pickled.



Lotus 2

Nelumbo

- Lotus, or *Nelumbo*, are a type of flowering plant that lives in the water.
- The flowers and leaves float on or above the surface of the water, while the roots disappear below, embedded in the mud at the bottom of the water.

- In China, lotuses symbolize longevity. This is because lotus seeds can produce plants many, many years after they are produced, with the oldest known seed germination coming from seeds found in China that were over 1,300 years old!
- Lotus have been grown by humans for over 3,000 years for their edible seeds and roots (as well as their ornamental beauty).
- One type of Chinese lotus, the qian ban lian, meaning "thousand petals lotus," can have over 3,000 - 4,000 petals on a single flower.



Ginkgo Tree 2

Ginkgo biloba

- The Ginkgo tree, also known as the maidenhair tree, is a species of tree that is considered a "living fossil" because it has been around for about 170 million years.
- The species it came from - Ginkgoales, has been

around for even longer, and originated about 290 million years ago. The ginkgo tree is the last surviving plant from this order.

- Ginkgos are incredibly hardy trees and can live for thousands of years. The oldest known ginkgo trees are thought to be over 3,500 years old.
- Though ginkgo trees were once thought extinct, it was discovered that several plants are still growing wild in the mountains of southwestern China, and they are now often grown purposefully in cities and gardens all over the world, particularly in East Asia.



Tea Plant 3

Camellia sinensis

- The tea plant, also called the tea shrub or tea tree, is a type of shrub (or small tree) from East Asia. As its name indicates, its leaves, stems, and buds are used to create tea.
- Tea bushes become most productive at 30-50 years, and can keep creating leaves for tea for over 100 years.
- A wide variety of teas can be made from its leaves: black tea, oolong, green tea, yellow tea, white tea, and a type of fermented tea called dark tea are all created from this versatile plant. Kukicha, a twig tea, is even made using its stems.
- The Latin name, *Camellia sinensis*, has a two-part meaning. "Sinensis" means "from China," while *Camellia* is named after a famous pharmacist and missionary.
- According to Chinese legend, tea was invented by an emperor thousands of years ago, when leaves from this bush mistakenly fell into his boiling water.



Jasmine 3

Jasminum officinale

- Jasmine is a type of flowering shrub or vine that grows in the warm climates of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceania, though it likely originated in Southeast and South Asia.
- Jasmine flowers are usually formed in clusters of three or more blossoms, and they are typically white or yellow.
- These small blossoms have a distinctively sweet smell, and because of this, jasmine has been planted and grown for use in perfumes, soaps, teas, and more for centuries.
- In China, jasmine's scent is thought to be what heaven smells like.
- Jasmine is used in a traditional Chinese tea to add its unique fragrance to the leaves, a method that has been around since the fifth century.



Rice Plant 4

Oryza sativa

- The rice plant, *Oryza sativa* (or Asian cultivated rice, as it is sometimes known), is a type of grass that produces the most common forms of rice in the world.
- A lesser-known variety of the rice plant is the *Oryza glaberrima*, or African rice.
- What we know as "rice" is really the grains, or the edible seeds, of the rice plant. These grains are harvested when they turn yellow and hard, and then milled to break down the tough outer layers.
- Asian rice was first cultivated by the Chinese some 9,000 years ago, and China continues to be the world's top rice consumer, with India and Indonesia following.
- Rice plants can grow around 30-45 inches tall, and it typically takes about 6 months after planting for them to be ready to harvest.



Chinese White Pine 4

Pinus armandii

- The Chinese white pine (or alternatively, the Armand's pine or the Mount Hua pine) is a type of evergreen pine tree that originated in China.
- The tree can grow up to 115 feet tall, and the trunk can reach over 3 feet wide!
- Much like other varieties of pine, its leaves are needle-like and grow in clusters, and it produces cones with seeds inside that can be roasted and eaten.
- Because it is evergreen, the Chinese white pine has come to symbolize longevity in Chinese culture, and in ancient China, many people consumed the tree's resin (its sap) because it was thought to grant a long life.



Giant Panda 5

Ailuropoda melanoleuca

- Giant pandas, also known as pandas or panda bears, are a type of bear from China. Pandas are exclusive to China, and can only be found in the wild there.
- Pandas have a special thumb on their front paws that helps them keep their food of choice, bamboo, in place while they eat it.

- Giant pandas are white with distinctive black markings around their eyes, ears, shoulders, and legs. They are large and round, weighing around 220-254 lbs when fully grown.
- Pandas are found in the slopes of mountains at high elevations, and usually live by themselves rather than in a group. They raise their young until they are between 18 and 24 months old, then venture off alone once more.

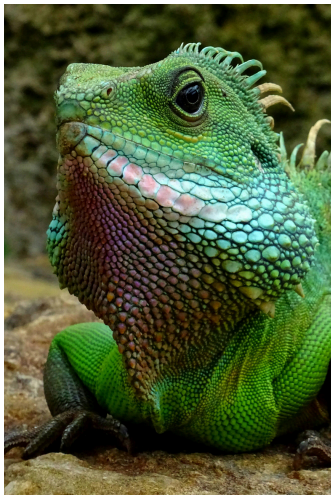


Golden Snub-Nosed Monkey 5

Rhinopithecus roxellana

- The golden snub-nosed monkey, or the Sichuan golden hair monkey, as it is called in China, is a type of primate that can only be found living in the wild in a small region of China.

- Golden snub-nosed monkeys live in mountainous forests, and because it often snows in their climate, they are incredibly resistant to the cold, withstanding it better than any other type of non-human primate.
- These monkeys spend most of their time in trees, and about 97% of their life is lived above the ground in forest canopies.
- They are primarily herbivores, eating mostly lichen, though their diets change with the season.



Chinese Water Dragon 6

Physignathus cocincinus

- The Chinese water dragon, or the Asian water dragon as it is also known, is a species of large green lizards that come from Southern China and Southeast Asia.
- Young Chinese water dragons have turquoise or bright

green stripes that can fade as they grow older.

- They live in thick subtropical forests and divide their time between living in the trees and on the ground. They often sleep in the branches of trees near streams so they can fling themselves into the water to escape predators if needed.
- Chinese water dragons are omnivores, but primarily eat snails, eggs, insects, and smaller animals.



Domesticated Silk Moth 6

Bombyx mori

- The domestic silk moth, also known by its Latin name, *Bombyx mori*, is a species of moth with a white, fuzzy body and small 1-2 inch wings.
- The silk moth has been domesticated by humans and is raised to produce

silk, a fabric that is created from the fibers of its cocoons.

- Silk moths start life inside a small egg, which they then hatch from as small larvae called "silkworms." Once they grow large enough, they spin a cocoon around themselves with special threads they create, then emerge later as fully grown silk moths.
- Domestic silk moths are unable to sustain flight, as their wings are too small to carry their large bodies. Adult silk moths also have very small mouths and cannot eat, so they only live for short periods of time once they reach maturity.



Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will create a Chinese paper lantern. We are using xuan (rice) paper for a traditional style, but feel free to substitute copy paper—or experiment with various types of papers (tissue paper, parchment paper, etc.). If you don't have chopsticks, you can use craft sticks or small wooden dowels.

The plum blossom is the national flower of China, so we are including that as a template, or your children might want to choose a different design. We highly recommend using markers instead of paint, and if you use rice paper, please put blotter paper underneath since markers could bleed through.

"I've filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he's an all-around craftsman."

~ Exodus 31:3-5

Handicraft Lesson

Chinese Paper Lantern



A Brief History of Paper Lanterns

For centuries, delicate paper lanterns have glowed softly in the evenings across China, lighting festivals, celebrations, and quiet garden paths alike. Their origins can be traced back over two thousand years to the Han Dynasty, when lanterns were first used as practical sources of light. Over time, they became something much more—objects of beauty, craftsmanship, and cultural meaning.

Traditionally made from bamboo or wooden frames and covered with fine rice paper or silk, lanterns were often painted with graceful images of flowers, birds, landscapes, or calligraphy. Red lanterns, in particular, came to symbolize joy, prosperity, and good fortune, and they are still commonly seen during important celebrations.

During festivals such as the Lantern Festival, which marks the close of the Lunar New Year, streets and homes are filled with glowing lanterns, creating a warm and magical atmosphere. Some lanterns even carry riddles or messages, inviting others to pause, reflect, and delight in the experience.

Lanterns were also used in temples and homes as offerings of light, representing reverence, remembrance, and the desire for wisdom. In ancient times, scholars and artists alike delighted in decorating lanterns, turning them into expressions of poetry and personal reflection. In this way, each lantern became not just a source of light, but a small window into the heart and mind of its maker.

Beyond their beauty, lanterns carry deeper meaning. Their gentle light has long been seen as a symbol of hope—guiding the way through darkness and representing the brightness of new beginnings. Whether hung in a home, carried in a procession, or set aglow in a garden, each lantern reflects both artistry and intention.

As you create your own lantern, you are stepping into this long and lovely tradition—bringing together simple materials, thoughtful design, and soft light to make something both meaningful and beautiful.

Supplies Needed:

- Rice (xuan) paper
- 18 Chopsticks
- Markers
- Glue gun (low-temperature recommended)
- Glue stick (or school glue)
- Scissors
- Garden shears or wire snips
- Ruler
- Twine
- Small set of fairy lights (**battery-powered only**)
- Optional: tassel



Instructions:

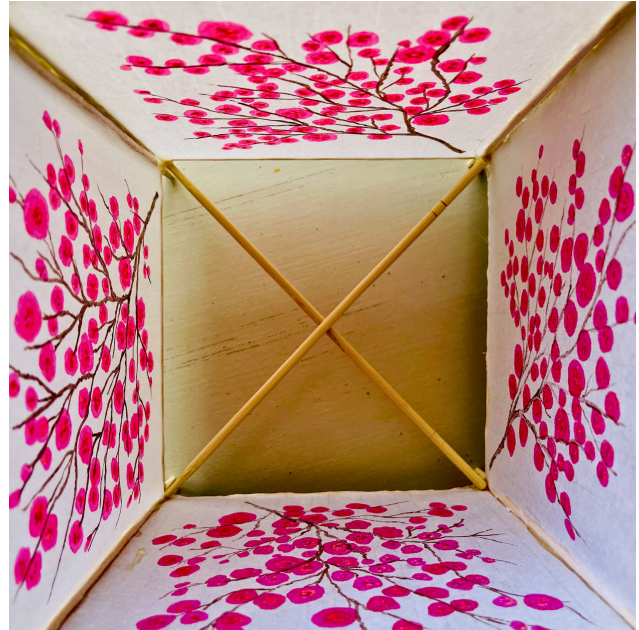
1. Using a ruler and pencil, mark one-inch guidelines at the top and bottom of eight chopsticks.
2. On eight additional chopsticks, measure six inches and cut them to size using garden or wire snips.
3. Attach the shorter chopsticks to the marked guidelines on the longer ones using a hot glue gun, creating four separate panels.



4. Apply glue (either a glue stick or school glue) to each panel and carefully attach rice paper. Let dry completely, then trim away any excess paper.
5. Decorate each panel with abstract plum blossoms or your own design using markers. (A plum blossom template is included—try placing it beneath the rice paper to trace.)



6. Once all four panels are complete, run a line of hot glue along the edge of one chopstick and join two panels together at a right angle. Continue until the complete lantern is formed.
7. Measure the inside of the lantern's base. If necessary, cut two more chopsticks to fit (our chopsticks fit perfectly without being cut), then hot glue them diagonally across the bottom to form an "X."

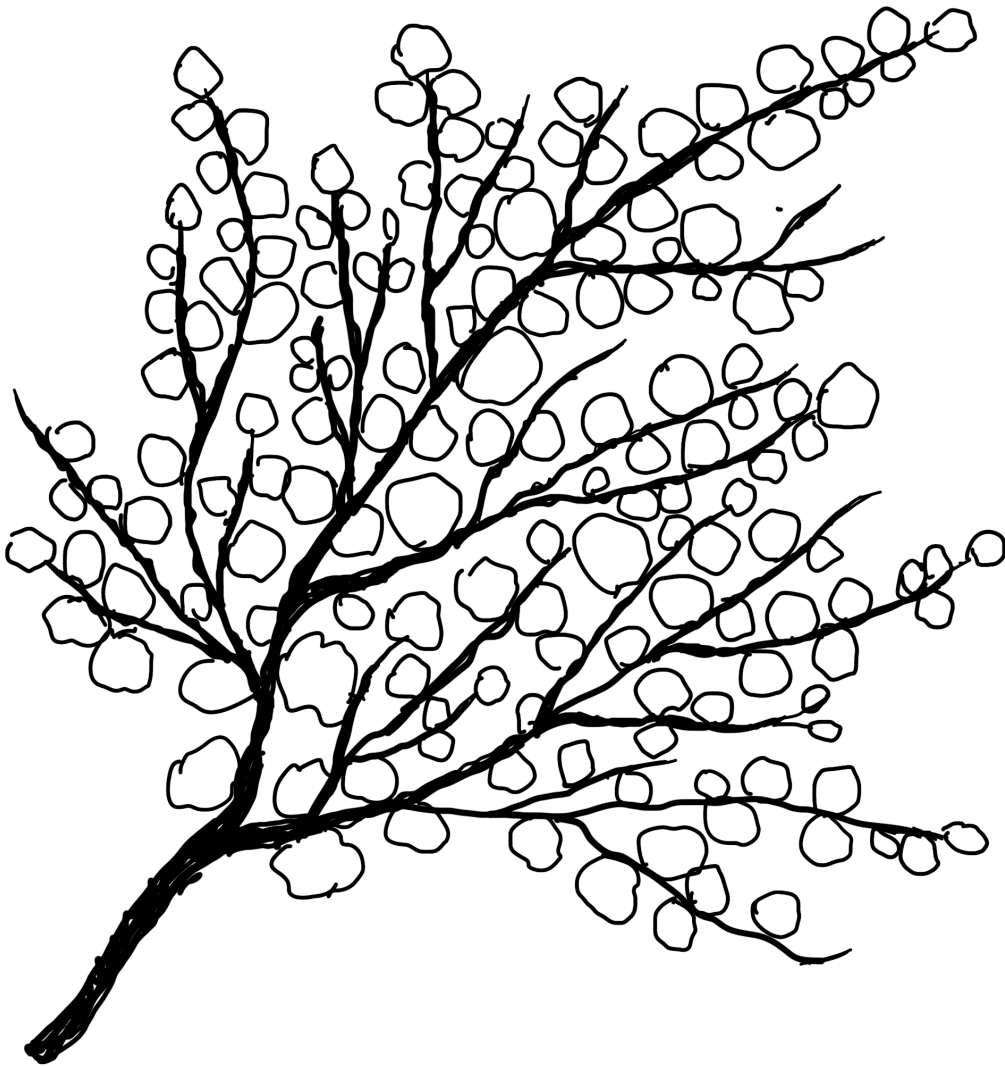


8. Cut four pieces of twine, each about 14-16 inches long. Tie one to the top of each corner, then gather and knot them together at the top to create a hanger. Trim excess, then add a small amount of hot glue to keep in place.
9. Optional: Attach a tassel to the bottom of the lantern for decoration.
10. Place small battery-powered fairy lights inside the lantern to complete the look. Hang and enjoy!



Plum Blossom Template

For students who don't feel confident in their drawing skills, we have provided a *Plum Blossom Template*. Please note: We have kept it intentionally "sketchy" because Chinese art should be abstract and organic. (If using rice paper, we recommend placing the template underneath.)



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